

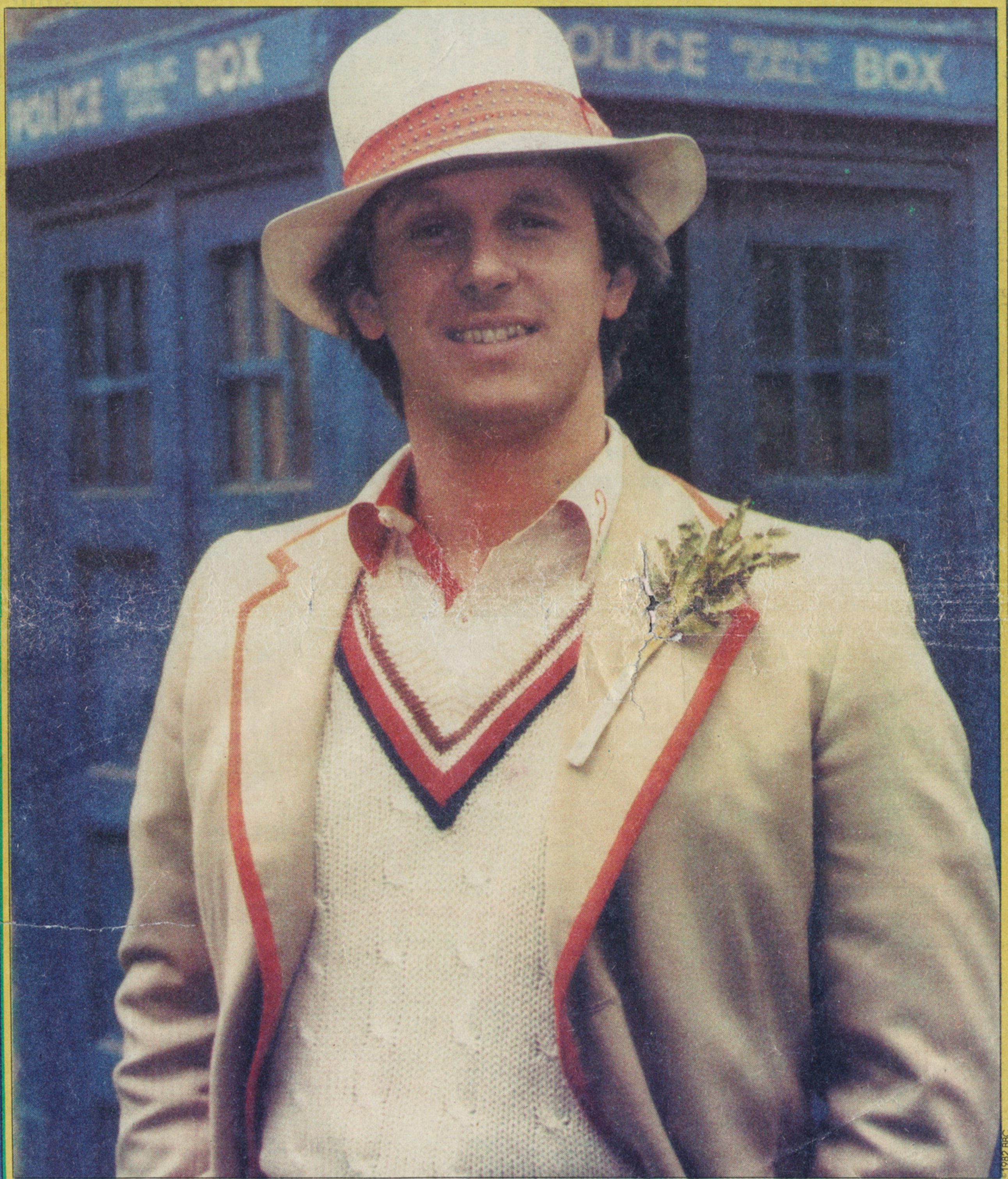
WHOVIAN



TIMES

DOCTOR WHO FAN CLUB OF AMERICA'S NEWSLETTER

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Whovianically yours,

CHAD
Chad Roark and Ron Katz
Co-Founders DWFCFA

Ron

WHO'S CORNER

BY DOCTOR DAVE

As you may notice, this issue is a bit thicker than normal. We saved up our information and stories to produce this, Volumes Twelve and Thirteen. You'll also notice we've enclosed our 1985-86 catalogue in this issue. As a whole, this issue was the most difficult to produce but is, by far, the best yet. And now, onward and upward (or backward and sideways, whichever your point of view!).

Well, the last issue of the Times certainly brought some hot response from lots of people! Usually, I put letters in this column that are, well, un-controversial. However, I've been receiving some wild letters lately and I thought, in all fairness, some should be printed (although many of them do not reflect my opinions or those of the staff here). I probably shouldn't have printed Roger Craft's letter...he may have to move to some country where **Doctor Who** has never been heard of...like Siberia! Here are some letters I've received lately.

MAIL BAG

Dear Doctor Dave:

I was enraged when I read the letter in "Who's Corner" from Roger Craft. Peter Davison's Doctor is not a wimp! I am an adult (over 30) female **Doctor Who** fan. I think I should know what a "real man" is.

A real man is allowed to be sad when a beloved friend and companion (Tegan) decides to leave. A real man can admit it when he makes mistakes ("Warriors of the Deep"). A real man is allowed to show sorrow over the death of a companion (Adric).

The Davison Doctor, I have seen, excelled at sports ("Black Orchid"), was an expert swordsman ("The King's Demons"), and was a good shot with a pistol ("The Visitation").

Examples of his heroism exist in "Mawdryn Undead," when he agreed to give up his Timelord existence in order to save Nyssa and Tegan. Who can forget the numerous times he put his life on the line to save the universe in "The Arc of Infinity." Lastly, in "Caves of Androzani," he struggled in spite of danger to himself and great physical pain, to save Peri's life. He finally succeeded at the cost of his own fifth incarnation.

If this is being a "wimp," then to my way of thinking, this world needs more "wimps."

Peter Davison's interpretation of the Doctor holds a special place in my heart.

Long live Davison's Doctor in the memories of Doctor Who fans everywhere!

Thanks Dave for letting me have my say.

Sincerely,

Carol Myers
Moore, OK

Dear Doctor Dave:

I expect there will be an outcry of sorts resulting from the letters of Karen Derickson and Roger Craft, so here's a bit more fuel for the fire. While I am a fan of the Doctor, I must admit to harboring thoughts similar to those of these two writers. I never did get used to Peter Davison's voice periodically cracking--to me that was jarring, and simply NOT the Doctor. He got the squeaks out pretty much during his last season, but they crept into his voice now and then at the most disconcerting times.

I have only seen Colin Baker in the regeneration scene at the end of "Androzani," and HIS voice squeaked and bordered on cracking, too! What gives? What has become of the

deep, masculine-voiced actors of England? I've heard Troughton's voice (from "Box of Delights") and his voice was "manly," so it's not just Tom Baker to compare with. I suspect that the voices of Hartnell and Pertwee were also appropriate for a Timelord who is over 750 years old, has travelled, and has learned a thing or two (or so he said in "Robots of Death"). Squeaky-voiced lines ruin the Doctor's image. Perhaps a new vision of **Doctor Who** from another producer is in order.

Also, I am annoyed with Lionheart Distributors for snipping off "Twin Dilemma" from the 1983-84 season of **Doctor Who** simply because the season's last episode featured Colin Baker instead of Davison. What a cheap trick to pull on the American audience! Same goes for declaring "The Five Doctors" an out-of-season "special" and excluding it from the Peter Davison package. So where else does it fit except in Davison's second season when you consider he's the "current" Doctor in the episode, and his companions are Tegan and Turlough. Seems like Lionheart is getting greedy!

Sincerely,

Kathy Starnes
Oak Harbor, WA

Dear Doctor Dave:

I view the BBC decision to temporarily retire **Doctor Who** with somewhat mixed emotions. I am a rather recent Whovian addict, having been accidentally exposed while on vacation last autumn. However, living in the San Francisco Bay area I am fortunate to have been able since that time to see all the available episodes from "Spearhead from Space" to "Caves of Androzani." Happily, here in Richmond one can watch Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison all at the same time.

Because of this I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Mr. Nathan-Turner and the current **Doctor Who** team have largely brought their troubles on themselves. For the last few years the show has lost that charming spark of lunacy that so distinguished it from other television science fiction. Although production quality has remained high, many of the shows are gloomy and depressing. If, for example, the first show I had seen had been "Warriors of the Deep" I doubt that I would ever have bothered to watch another. The earlier shows are notable for both their humanism and optimism, two qualities that seem to have been lost in many of the newer episodes.

So perhaps there will be some benefit from the show's temporary retirement. Hopefully, Mr. Nathan-Turner and others will take this time to stop and consider what they have done and what they will do. If we are very lucky they will cease taking themselves so seriously and when the Doctor returns he will be his dear, familiar, delightful self.

Sincerely,

Mary Ann Schott
Richmond, CA

Dear Dave:

I find it rather revolting when certain Whovians start complaining, "Ool I think that Davison's a wimp, and the BBC should bring back Tom Baker!" part of the whole charm of the show is each character's different personality. I have seen each one of the Doctors, and I can say with gumption, "I never met a Doctor I didn't like." I grew up with Jon Pertwee, and when Tom Baker came around, I thought that he was a clown. I changed. Tom Baker's Doctor added much life to the show, as well as each of the others. Everyone should realize that you don't have to be Tom Baker to be the Doctor.

I am also quite mad at the criticism of the current producer of the program, John Nathan-Turner. Graham Williams, the producer during most of the Tom Baker era, was one of the least dynamic producers to ever hit the little screen. His substandard production brought us those infamous stories like "Underworld" and "The Horns of Nimon." If one were to take a look at today's output of **Doctor Who**, like "The Caves of Androzani," you will find the writing, direction, and general production quality to be far and above that of Graham Williams. You will even find that the production standards took a quantum leap when John Nathan-Turner took over the series. He brought us Tom Baker classics like "Logopolis," which I revere as the best Tom Baker story. The show has gone light-years into the future with J N-T at the helm.

In conclusion, I urge everyone to keep an open mind while watching **Doctor Who**, and not to be too quick to criticize. Isn't that what **Doctor Who** is about?

Jeremy Kareken
Rochester, NY

Dear Doctor Dave:

Regarding Simon Harris, ah, Mr. Harris. You say Janet Fielding is the most beautiful woman ever to appear on **Doctor Who**. I must disagree. (To put it mildly.)

Sarah Sutton is far more beautiful, and I think she is the best thing to happen to **Doctor Who**. Her eyes alone are enough to lay low all contenders and I'm sure there are many who will agree with me. However, I will agree with your comparison with Nicola Bryant.

(By the way, the legs are just about all that's noteworthy on Tegan next to her mouth.)

Setting the record straighter,

William Stanton
Tiburon, CA

Dear D.D.:

In the last issue, I noticed some particularly rude criticisms of different people. While there might be good reason why one may prefer one Doctor over another, don't you think part of the charm of the show is, in fact, the differences of personality traits? While it certainly is easy to criticize any of the Doctor's personalities, I prefer the Brigadier's philosophy that he thinks the Doctor is a wonderful chap, "all of them." I think it's a bit immature to pick out one trait in an actor and put down the series just because of that one flaw (or charm as the case may be). Roger Craft is obviously an idiot!

One last thing: I've seen pictures of Colin Baker's Doctor in the Whovian Times. However, when I saw him in San Jose, he looked about fifty pounds heavier. Is he alright? How old are those photos? Is it true that John Nathan-Turner made him put on all that extra weight to appear more dominant for the part?

Best regards,

Cynthia Smith
Napa, CA

Dear Dave,

I have been a Doctor Who fan for many years and while I don't fully understand American fandom, I am hoping to find out more through the Whovian Times. I've just become a DWFC member and am impressed with your package (especially this marvellous badge!). I regularly purchase the Doctor Who Bulletin, by far the finest Doctor Who publication in the U.K. Through DWB, I'm starting to understand why the American fan seems to have the opportunity to meet Doctor Who personalities so often. Evidently, it's your green American money that appears to be the draw! Fair enough; I can understand that. The Beeb is not known for the enormous amounts of money it pays.

What I do not understand is why you people spend your money to go to a convention to see a producer who obviously spends more time counting American dollars than he does looking after Doctor Who. Since John Nathan-Turner took over Doctor Who, the series seems to have lost its imagination. Most of the great episodes have to do with old enemies, old ideas and old themes. This, of course, would serve well to educate new, foreign markets such as yours, but where's that old "Who" ingenuity. There is none. Please do not feel I'm slighting Peter Davison, a marvellous actor, or Colin Baker, perhaps the best thing that's happened to Doctor Who since Jon Pertwee. No, it's the lack of real imagination. Have you ever seen Patrick Troughton "think" his way into and out of a disaster? That's what I'm referring to. Colin Baker's Doctor Who is exciting enough, but unless the twenty-third season is filled with "fresh" ideas, there will be no twenty-fourth.

We have the right Doctor but the wrong producer. Doctor Who must first be great in the U.K. before it can be great in foreign markets. You may not reproduce my letter in your Whovian Times because, as I notice, John Nathan-Turner writes for you and is on your payroll. Be that as it may, you must.

Good luck to us all when it comes to the finest British program.

Phillip Stephen
London England

Dear Dave,

Didn't you used to call your conventions Whovian Festivals?

Well, I took my children to (what was supposed to be) a Doctor Who Convention called WHOFEST here in the Tampa Bay area that was the biggest fiasco I've ever been to. I wish I would have known it was not your con. I thought you might have changed your name to WHOFEST.

Not only was it very expensive, but it was extremely unorganized. No one seemed to know what was going on and when I asked for any information, I was treated rudely. The dealers' room was a joke and the "24-hour video room" was a scam. Why would DWFC let these clowns name their event something so close to yours, much less advertise it in the Whovian Times? Isn't there anything you can do about it? I, for one, will not go to another Doctor Who Convention.

On a brighter side, it was really nice seeing so many celebrities at one time. They were all very nice, although a bit edgy it seemed. Do you know if they finally got paid? Maybe WHOFEST should change their name to WHOFLOP for next year. Thanks for hearing me out.

N. Wood
Tampa, FL

SO YOU WANT TO HAVE A CONVENTION?

There have been a rash of **Doctor Who** conventions lately that, unfortunately have been less than professionally run and promoted. I don't want to point a finger at anyone or any group, they know who they are (most of them are either in, or on their way to the poor house!). It's very tempting to put on a con, all of us would like to spend time with the celebrities of **Doctor Who**. However, it's really unfair when these conventions become "the best kept secret in fandom" due to the lack of advertising know-how or budget. Fans who would like to attend a convention often never hear of the event until it's over.

Coordinating and running a con is also very difficult. I know, I've been to cons which were very poorly planned and wound up standing in line for half of the day, with nothing to do, or missing one event because another event was going on at the same time. Worse yet are the poor video productions. Excellent quality videos are available from Lionheart (for convention use). Have you ever gone to see a **Doctor Who** video that was such poor quality that you HAD to have an active imagination just to watch it? I know that our own **Doctor Who** Festival video productions cost in the neighborhood of \$750 a day to present! I agree this is a high fee, but the quality shines through.

Last but not least, many of the "cons" in the last year were such a bust, the celebrities didn't even get paid and many times were wondering how they were going to get home!

In all fairness to the fans, the stars and your wallet, if you're having a convention, think it out well before you make a serious mistake.

SHORT STORIES AND ART CONTEST

We received so many short stories (some not so short) that were good, we've decided not to pick a winner. Instead, we invite you to read the stories in this issue and choose for yourself. The best of the short stories have been published in this double issue so you can read them and judge for yourself. Simply drop us a card with your vote...and enjoy.

The art contest winners are also in this double issue. There were some great (also some very funny) entries. We've reproduced some for your inspection. Again, drop us a line with your thoughts and votes.

TRIVIA

The winner of Volume Eleven's trivia contest was Peter Dubuque of Billerica, Massachusetts. The answer is: the Doctor received his degree in medicine from the University of Edinburgh in 1870. The correct Doctor was Number Two, Patrick Troughton and the story was "Moonbase" or from that story's novelization "The Cybermen." Many thanks for all the entries.

This issue's trivia question is: The Second Doctor addressed the Brigadier with the same line in two different stories. What was the line in reference to and which stories were they?

TRIVIA CHALLENGE

If you have a trivia question (and answer) that you would like to see asked in the Times, write both question and answer on a postcard and send it in.

Until next TIME in this SPACE, I remain,

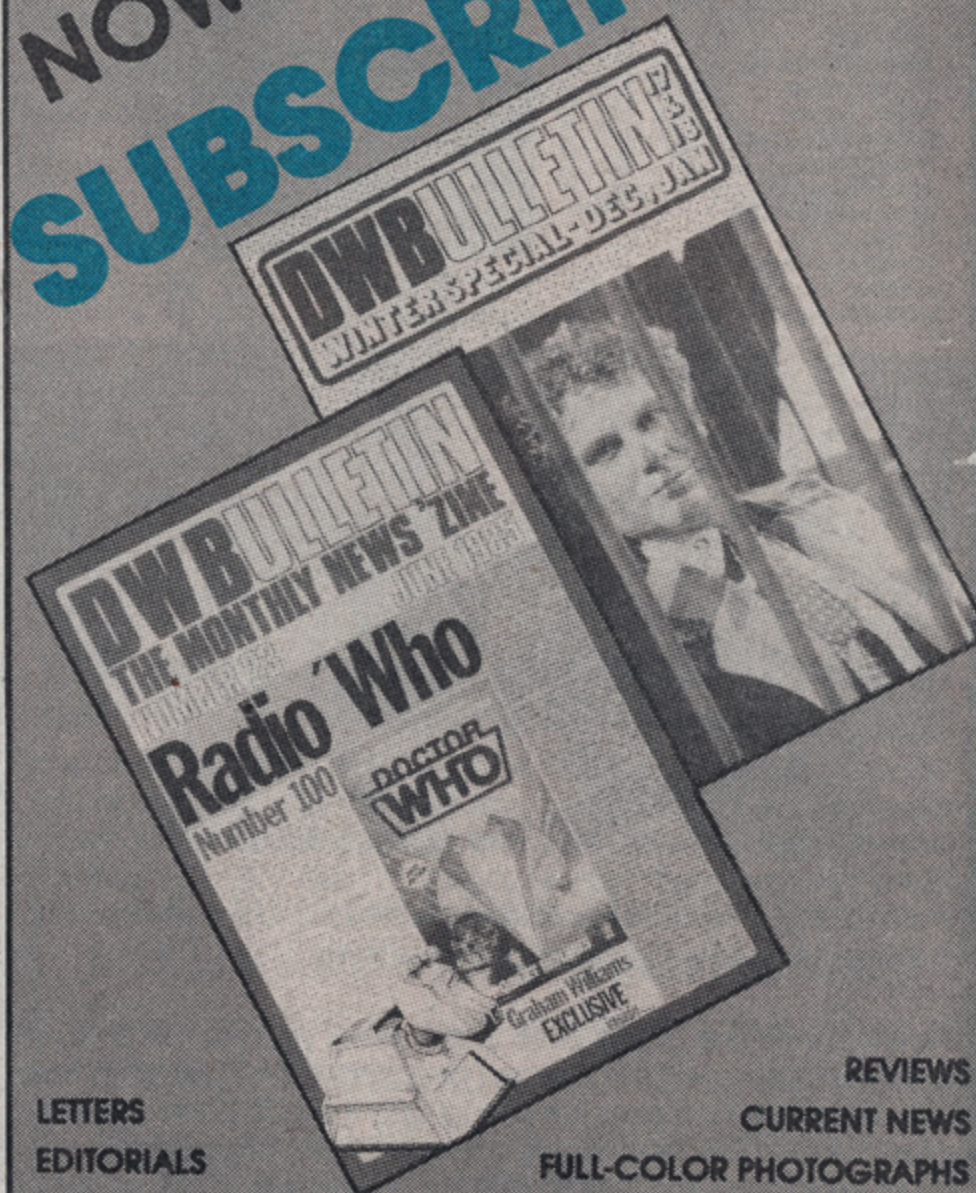
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Doctor Dave

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We would like to congratulate Gary Levy and the entire staff of the Doctor Who Bulletin on their recent arrival at the top. At the recent English **Doctor Who** convention, "Panopticon," there were approximately 1,000 votes cast to choose the finest British **Doctor Who** fanzine; one hundred magazines were entered. When the final count was in, Doctor Who Bulletin was voted the best, with over twice as many votes as any other publication!

Although we're not familiar with ALL the English publications, we're not surprised that DWB is number one. It's the magazine Whoquaters subscribes to for all the up-to-date news. Although we're kept informed on nearly all the current events of **Doctor Who**, we always learn something new from DWB. Their reporters seem to get right to the heart of all the inside news, stories and facts. Their writing is superior and their insight into **Doctor Who** demands the deepest respect. Again, our congratulations to all involved...keep it up.

NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS. As we wait with bated breath for our next issue of DWB, to gobble up its contents, YOU CAN DO THE SAME! For the very first time, we are offering subscriptions to the DOCTOR WHO BULLETIN to our American and Canadian members!

As the cost of purchasing, importing and getting each issue to you is very expensive, we've decided to offer six month subscriptions only. These subscriptions will cost \$21.00. As soon as we receive your DWB, we will have your label printed out and send your magazine to you via first class mail. If you're not sure, you may purchase an introductory copy of DWB for \$4.50 (this includes postage and handling).

The Doctor Who Bulletin is a monthly magazine that will prove to be a highly collectible British import as well as a perfect supplement to our own quarterly Whovian Times. Between the two publications, you will be totally up-to-date and knowledgeable on everything involved with Doctor Who. **DOCTOR WHO BULLETIN...ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

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1985



NEWS FROM GREAT BRITAIN

BY J. JEREMY BENTHAM

"Death, decay and destruction is around in all I see...." Who said that?

Whoever it was might only to well have been speaking of the current environment now facing television's favourite Time-lord.

In last issue's column I jokingly (so I thought) made comments likening the machinations of BBC's higher management to the schemings of "Dynasty's" more disreputable reprobates. Nevertheless, in the true traditions of "happy ever after" storytelling, my report concluded with the thwarting of those who would degrade **Doctor Who** by the loyal millions who support it. Bill Cotton, BBC TV's Managing Director and "Mr. Nice Guy" from the fan's point of view, had apparently overturned Michael Grade's intention to make the show "a target for a cut" and had, furthermore, pledged to restore the series along familiar rails.

How does the phrase in "Tom and Jerry" go? "Don't you believe it!" With a series of side-steps eloquent of Count Federico's court intrigues, Brian Wenham, Director of Programmes and one of those wearing black hats, has managed to bow to all the promises lifting the threat of cancellation while, at the same time, giving 1986 viewers a **Doctor Who** series so inconsequential by comparison with the past as to bode the question, will anyone even notice its passing next time?

How has he done this? Simple. **Doctor Who's** production office has been told the next series will comprise just 14 twenty-five minute episodes—a four parter and a two-parter by Robert Holmes, and two more four part serials yet to be writer finalized, all grouped under an umbrella theme based around the Doctor's home planet of Gallifrey. By such tactics, all those promises solicited from the anti-cancellation campaigns have been met. There will be another **Doctor Who** season (after a prodigiously long break), the show will be returning to traditional values (25 minute rather than 45 minute episodes), and it will be a longer series (14 episodes is longer than 13). But at the end of the day, the resulting series will exactly halve the number of episodes Tom Baker enjoyed in his last season, and will be getting on for a quarter of the length of the longest William Hartnell season in 1965/66.

Writers lined up for the season include Pip and Jane Baker, David Halliwell (part of the Halliwell Teleguide family) and Phillip Martin, although do bear in mind **Doctor Who** always commissions more stories than it ultimately uses in a season. Graham Williams' terrifying night time story featuring the Celestial Toymaker, "Nightmare Fair," has very sadly been shelved for this year, and rehearsals for the series are scheduled to commence in March.

Is there any good news? Or must all my columns for the Whovian Times always seem as sturdy as the ramparts of Troy faced with the woeful predictions of Cassandra?

Well, for a time it seemed so, but from a most unlikely source. While the good Doctor was a falling star on British TV, it looked possible during July he would rise prominently east of Television Centre in the unlikely halls of BBC Radio. As to whether this tilt in emphasis from TV to radio will benefit **Doctor Who**, I am not sure. Certainly British audiences will be spared the spectacle of looking at Colin Baker's truly awful coat. The trouble is we'll also be missing the best of Nicola Bryant's enormous assets as an actress...

Some months ago a Producer on Radio 4 (the drama/chat channel), Paul Spencer, approached Michael Grade for permission to do a **Doctor Who** series on radio, featuring the regular cast from the TV series. Surprisingly, some might have said, Grade agreed. Seeking then a writer for his show Spencer approached the Doctor's own Script Editor, Eric Saward, who, in between roles you might say, readily agreed to pen the production himself.

The series went out not as a solo show in its own right, but as 6 ten-minute episodes; two episodes per night going out as segments in the youngster's magazine program "Pirate Radio 4"—a contradiction in terms matched only by the phrases "Military Intelligence" and "BBC Enterprises." Colin Baker played the Doctor, Nicola Bryant reprised her role as Peri, and Valentine "Black Guardian" Dyal appeared as

Captain Slarn in what was to be a last performance before his death some weeks later.

As events transpired, the serial title—"Slipped Back"—proved woefully apt. With a spaceship computer that talked in a voice irritatingly close to Sandra Dickinson's, the whole thing bore a ghastly deja vu resemblance to a down-market "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy," but with embarrassing dialogue replacing the latter's stylish wit. As our effusive Time-lord banded quips with Peri, and the computer squawked lines like, "Gee Doctor, why did you have to give me the voice of a dizzy dame?" the plot spiraled downward and backward to yet another origin of the Big Bang Theory. A terminus for **Doctor Who** and like a bitter pill, painfully swallowed and best forgotten afterwards.

Better news for the Colonies. While we in the old country contemplate a dearth of new **Doctor Who** material, you fellows overseas have an absolute bean feast to look forward to. New Zealand has started the ball rolling already, airing two Patrick Troughton adventures, "The Krotons" and the all-time classic fantasy "The Mind Robber." But the best news is Lionheart's recent signing up of no less than seventeen William Hartnell adventures, including the two serials recently recovered intact from Nigeria, "The Time Meddler" and "The War Machines."

The former, aside from featuring a tremendously Wagnerian stormy sky back-projection, introduces viewers, for the first time, to another member of the Doctor's own race, the Meddling Monk, effortlessly played with supreme comic timing



by the late actor Peter Butterworth. If you believed all the Doctor's opponents merely wanted to rule the Universe, spare a thought for someone whose ambitions are more towards seeing Shakespeare performed live on television—in the 16th Century....

"The Time Meddler" is one of the most recently signed up stories for novellisation by W.H. Allen who, under the auspices of new Editor Nigel Robinson, is aiming ultimately to publish all the **Doctor Who** storylines as novels. Their 100th book, now out in hardback, is "The Two Doctors." As with "The Twin Dilemma" this book has not followed the tradition of having the current Doctor's face on the cover, due to what are amusingly referred to as "contractual difficulties" with Colin Baker's agent.

Finally, ending, one hopes, always in a lighter key, I have to confess to losing a bet with myself. Recently fortunate enough to play host to two of your most charming country-folk (how can two people, not related, be named Paula and Polly??), I malevolently played back for them "Mark of the Rani," blissfully certain they wouldn't understand a word of Northern English dialect. After all, with some States putting subtitles over our police series "The Sweeney," what chance would they have comprehending such phrases as, "Appen I've nae strength tae lift a Toby, Mon"; which, to the unworlilywise, translates as, "Sorry, old boy, I don't think I've sufficient energy to drink a pint of your best real ale at present."

Guess what? They understood every word of it.

Till Next Time

DOCTOR WHO

IN THE U.S.A.



Did you know that Marvel Comics publishes the official **DOCTOR WHO** comic book in North America? That in each 32 page issue, the Doctor Who comic strip is collected from **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** and run in glorious color for the very first time? That serials which originally ran three to four issues are now featured complete in every issue of the **DOCTOR WHO** comic book? That the **DOCTOR WHO** comic book also runs interviews with your favorite Who stars—that never appeared anywhere else before? And did you know that every issue includes Patrick Daniel O'Neill's exclusive news column covering the whole world of Who-news?

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THE EARLY YEARS



©1963 BBC

The Doctor is freed from prison by the treacherous Lemaître (left) in Episode Three of "Reign of Terror." This story marked both the end of the first season and the first time the crew went "on location" to tape. Previously, all scenes were recorded at BBC's Lime Grove facility.



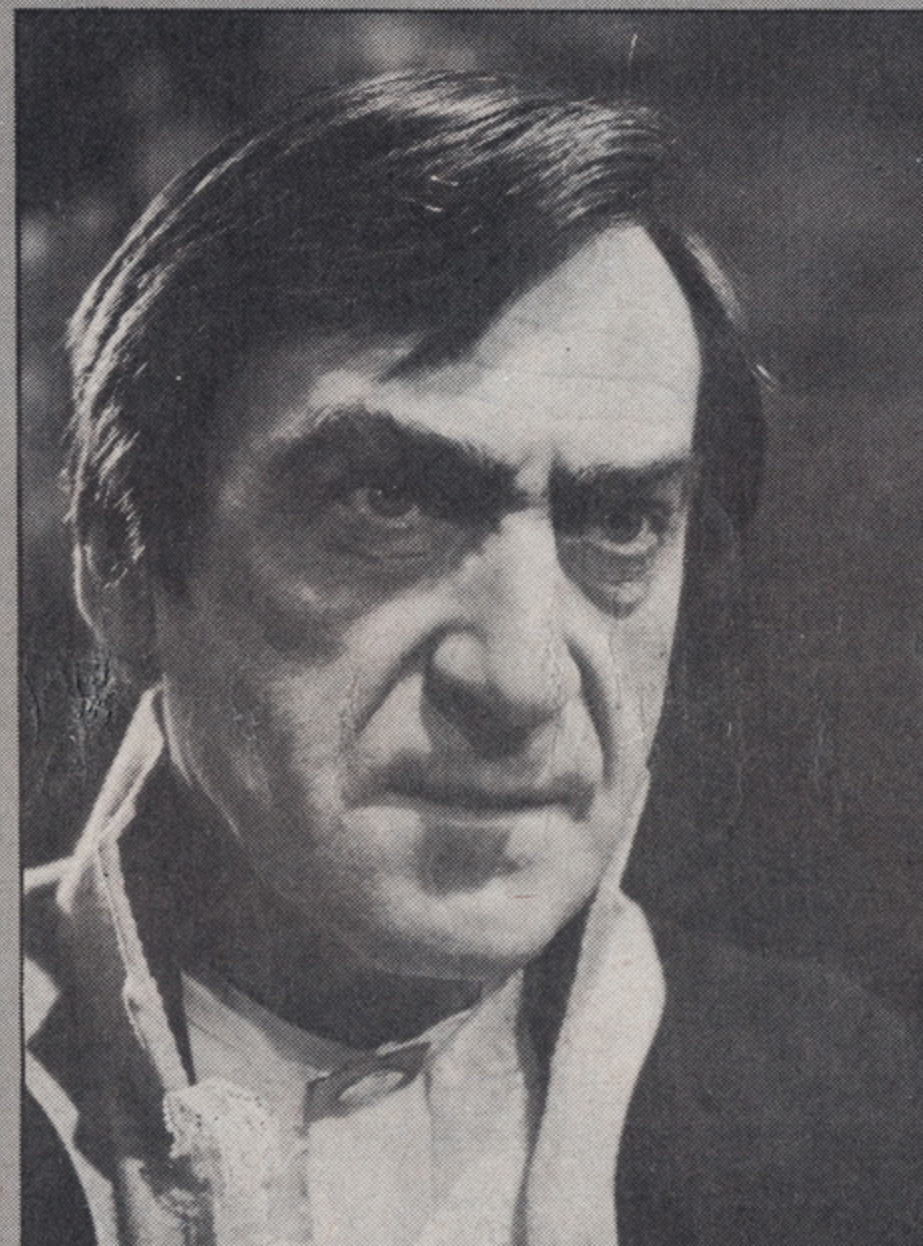
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A publicity shot of Carole Ann Ford (a.k.a. Susan) just prior to the first season. Originally, Susan was meant to be an "Emma Peel" type character, dressed in black leather leotards. A change was made, however, when it was learned that Carole Ann screamed much better than Jacqueline Hill.



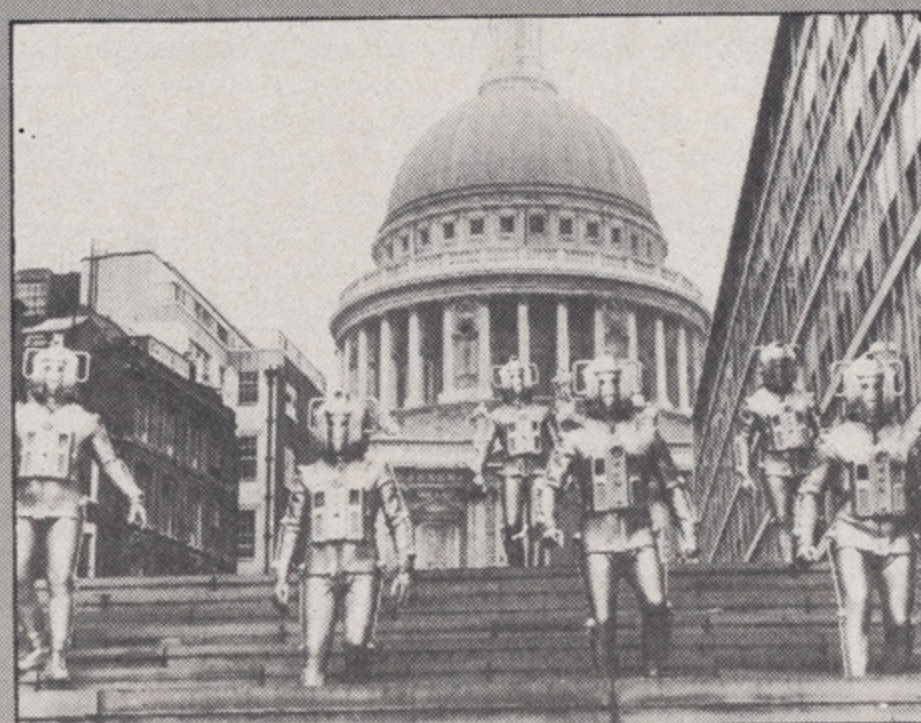
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The Doctor and Vicki try to convince Joanna, sister of Richard the Lionheart, to marry a Saracen named Saphadin in Episode Three of "The Crusaders." The large number of livestock used in production caused numerous problems for the cast and crew. William Russell (Ian) would not allow harmless black ants to crawl on his arm. Then, there was the dead cow that developed a terrible odor during filming. Whoever said "acting is a piece of cake" never visited the set of **Doctor Who**.



©1967 BBC

Patrick Troughton did double duty in "The Enemy of the World." He appeared as both the Doctor and as Salamander, would-be dictator. An advance in video editing technology allowed Patrick to actually "meet" himself, although the scenes were filmed on different days. Note the "harder" look the makeup man gave Patrick.



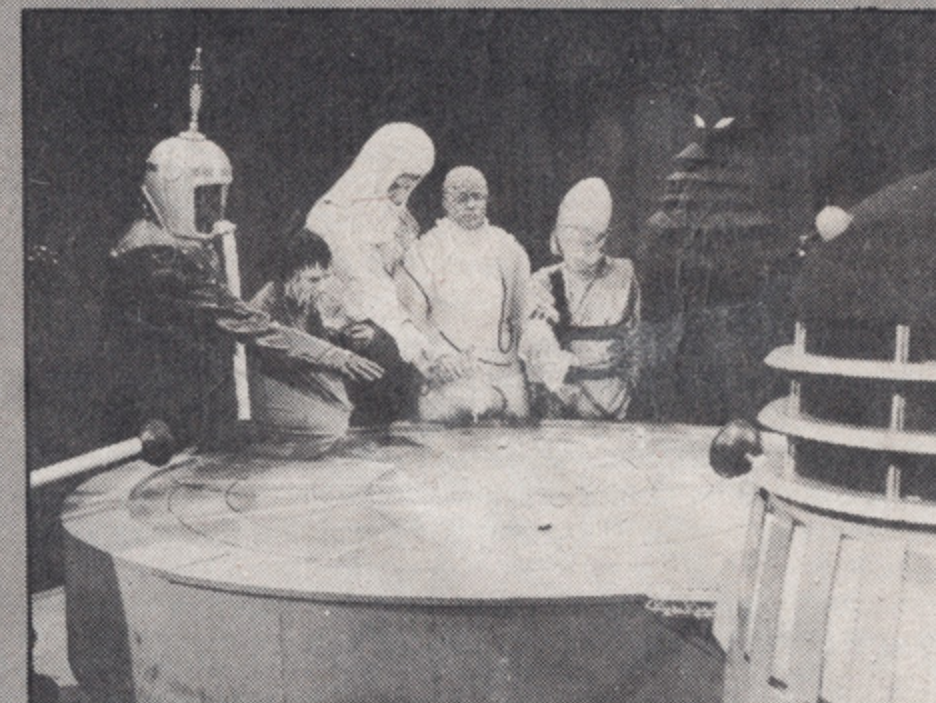
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The Cybermen on the move through London in "The Invasion." This first "U.N.I.T." story featured a promotion for Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart, from Colonel to Brigadier General. Because the character had already been established, Nicholas Courtney had to find a way to make himself look older, to add credibility. Thus was born his mustache, though even to this day it is artificial. As Nicholas puts it, "The kind I can grow doesn't look 'Brigadier-ish.'"



©1968 BBC

Jamie and the Doctor are held up by an industrial washing machine in "The Wheel in Space." Boarding what they believed to be a derelict spaceship, the Doctor and Jamie come "face to scanner" with this Servo-Robot. Later, they find the Cybermen behind the mystery on the wheel. The tag to this show also served to introduce the first-ever **Doctor Who** rerun in Britain.



©1965 BBC

It was the mash - the monster mash! In reality, it is the United Galactic Headquarters in "Mission to the Unknown." Sir Hull Weldon authorized Verity Lambert to produce an extra episode for the monster story, "The Dalek Masterplan." The cast had already left for their holiday, so she went ahead without the regulars—making this the only **Doctor Who** episode without a Doctor!



©1963 BBC

Terry Nation's second creation for **Doctor Who** was the Voord, introduced in "The Keys of Marinus." Although they never gained the following the Daleks generated, they were popular enough to be revived in a **Doctor Who** Annual in 1965, and to be pictured in an ad with the Daleks. This was after appearing in only one story, and even then in only two of the six episodes! Here, the Doctor is pictured with Arbitan as they discuss the search for the keys.



In The Beginning... William Hartnell

Sometime ago, in the not too distant past, a very talented actor, named William Hartnell, premiered in a BBC Television series that would become legendary: **Doctor Who**. The BBC had indeed chosen a well-seasoned actor in Hartnell, a perfectionist and a real pro.

Although at one point in Hartnell's life he was an apprentice jockey, his first love was comedy. This led him to understudy Ralph Lynn, in whose stead he played several times. He was also fond of the theatre, making his stage debut with Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean Company. His longest stage run was "Seagulls Over Sorrento." However, William Hartnell's most important contribution (before Doctor Who) was to the motion picture industry. His first major role was in an uproarious comedy called, "I Am an Explosive," which paved the way to nearly seventy movies. Some of the films in which he appeared are landmarks in the British Cinema. They include: "Murder in Reverse," "The Way Ahead," "Brighton Rock," "Privates Progress," "Yangtze Incident," "The World Ten Times Over," and "Heavens Above" (in which he was featured with the late Peter Sellers). Hartnell also played in many television roles of which his most memorable was "The Army Game." Indeed, for all of his contributions to television, theatre and the silver screen, William Hartnell was known throughout the industry as "the actor with a thousand faces."

Then, he was chosen for the part of **Doctor Who**, perhaps his most famous and most difficult role. The series proved to be grueling work. It was shot at Ealing Film Studios. The company would rehearse four mornings a week and shoot the episodes on Friday. The shootings typically lasted twelve hours. He was, however, not only delighted with the role, but also with the way Verity Lambert allowed him to play it. "I am fortunate to be given carte blanche with the role. This allows me tremendous range to improve and to build on the original outline of **Doctor Who**. I think I represent a cross between the Wizard of Oz and Father Christmas. Yet I am adding fragments to the part, always trying to expand it."

Of course, as you may know, William Hartnell, the very first Doctor, has since passed on. However, the memory of his Doctor still lingers on as vintage "Who." In fact, we thought we would present this article to let you know a little bit about the man who blazed the trail for **Doctor Who**, the longest-running science fiction series in the history of the television media. You see, within this coming year, Lionheart (Doctor Who distributor in the United States) will be making Hartnell's **Doctor Who** series available to your PBS affiliate (another reason why you and your friends and family should support PBS around Doctor Who).

The following is a short interview with the late William Hartnell. It was conducted and written by Matt White in the TV Profile section of the Sunday Mirror. It was published on February 7, 1965.

My phone rang, and a muffled voice gave a name. "Who?" I queried. There was a pause, and the voice replied: "Yes, this is DOCTOR Who."

It was William Hartnell, the ageless, absent-minded professor of BBC-1's time-straddling series, Dr. Who, ringing to fix a meeting with me.

I soon discovered there was to be no more fooling around with the character he has created and endeared to 15,000,000 children, aged from six to sixty.

"I'm the High Lama of the Planet," he said seriously over a gin and tonic. "Although I portray a mixed-up old man, I have discovered I can hypnotise children."

He sipped thoughtfully. "Hypnosis goes with the fear of the

unknown. I communicate fear to children because they don't know where I'm going to take them. This frightens them and is the attraction of the series."

Hartnell smiled. "I am hypnotised by Dr. Who myself," he said. "When I look at a script I find it unbelievable. So I allow myself to be hypnotised by it. Otherwise I would have nothing to do with it."

For an actor who built up his career as the barking, flint-hearted sergeant-major of TV's Army Game, the contrast of the man in his new role is startling.

Born fifty-seven years ago, he was the only child of a dairy farmer whose family had farmed in North Devon for 300 years. Bill Hartnell made it clear from the start that he would not stay on the land. He wanted to be a Shakespearean actor.

When his father died, Bill was adopted by a well-known art connoisseur named Hugh Blaker, who also loved the theatre. He wrote to impresario Sir Frank Benson at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, London, and an audition was fixed for 17-year-old Hartnell.

"I went to work for Sir Frank about the same time as the late Robert Donat started with the company. I was paid 25s a week and played nothing but Shakespeare."

When World War II broke out, he went into the Tank Corps—as a private. Eleven months later he was discharged after a nervous breakdown.

"The strain of training was too much. I spent twelve weeks in an Army hospital and came out with a terrible stutter. The colonel said: 'Better get back to the theatre. You're no bloody good here.'"

Hartnell sighed. "I had to start all over again. I was still only a spit and a cough in the profession, and now I had a stutter which scared the life out of me."

It was a hard battle, but in the end Hartnell overcame his stutter and found himself being cast, ironically, for NCO parts in films. This led to his famous role in The Army Game as Sergeant-Major Bullimore.

About two years ago, he played a cantankerous old Yorkshireman in the film, Sporting Life. BBC producer Verity Lambert, who was planning the Dr. Who series, saw it and asked him to call on her.

Bluntly, she told him: "You will be around 600 years old, wear a white wig and be somewhat eccentric in dress. Will you do it?"

Hartnell never hesitated.

Now, because of the series, he has lost his own name. "Everyone calls me Dr. Who and I feel like him," he said. "I get letters addressed to me as Mr. Who and even Uncle Who."

"But I love being this eccentric old man. I love it when my granddaughter, Judith, calls me 'barmy old grandad.'"

"I can see this series going for five years at least. It has already been sold in Australia, New Zealand and Canada, so my audience is getting bigger every week."

So is his income. He gets a percentage of every overseas sale.

"More money than I've ever earned in my life," he murmured, and finished his drink.

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BY BEN LANDMAN

EXTRA!

INTERVIEWWHO

This interview was taken, for the most part, by Ben Landman, at the Spirit of Light's "Tardis 21."

WT: Let's start with your personal background—where you grew up, when you first got interested in acting, and what other things interested you.

PD: Well, I was born in a suburb of London called Streatham, in 1951, and I had a normal sort of upbringing—my parents are not in the business at all. I was vaguely interested in drama at school, but not excessively so. I never had a burning ambition to go on the stage, until I was about sixteen or seventeen, and it suddenly struck me that I was probably useless in everything else.... And, indeed, I failed most of my exams. Fortunately, to get into a drama school, you don't need any academic qualifications. So I was able to have a go at that, and I was lucky enough to get in. I went to Central School of Speech and Drama when I was eighteen, for three years; and then left there, and worked in repertory theatre for about three years in various places before getting my first television part. Then, I decided television was what I wanted to do for a while, so I waited for my next television job to come up—which didn't come up for about a year and a half, so I was out of work for a year and a half! I worked in various part time jobs during that time. Mainly I worked in the income tax department, actually, in London.

WT: Were your early roles anything that Americans might be familiar with?

PD: The first television part, yes; I was in a series called "The Tomorrow People," which is a science fiction program, oddly enough.... It has been showing around here; certainly I get asked questions about it every time I have a panel. It was a fairly silly program, very definitely a children's science fiction series. I played a space cowboy in a blond wig. Sandra was in the program.

WT: But you got the **Doctor Who** job through your acquaintance with John Nathan-Turner because of "All Creatures, Great and Small?"

PD: Yeah, I guess so—I mean yes, he knew me from that, although he'd left some time before that to do **Doctor Who**. He wasn't the Producer of "All Creatures"—he was the Production Unit Manager, sort of in charge of the purse strings, really. And he just rang up one night and offered me the part.

WT: And you were familiar with the show before then?

PD: Oh, yes! I'd watched it since 1963, fairly avidly through the first two Doctors, at least—William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton.

WT: So did you have thoughts on becoming your childhood hero that affected...

PD: It had never occurred to me before John rang me up—never in a million years! Because the Doctors had all been very, very different than I had ever imagined myself being. You know, me as the Doctor was very much a departure from what was known as the Doctor; so it never occurred to me. I mean it had occurred to me that I might one day be in it, but never as the Doctor.

WT: By the time John Nathan-Turner called and offered you the role, he must have had some idea of what he wanted to do with the part. How much input did you have about the character?

PD: I don't think he had much in his mind about what he wanted the part to be...except by casting me in it. I mean he didn't say, "I'm offering you the part, and I want you play it like this." The trick of a good producer

is to cast someone who is right for the part in the way they see it, and then let them do it. Which is really what he did. Having said that, one doesn't have any input into, say, the scripts. I couldn't say, "Oh, John, I want to do this in this next story." One was very much presented with scripts. One could try to influence the Script Editor and John by saying, "How about bringing back the Cybermen," or something like that. So I wasn't really given any direction. I was very much thrown in and told "You're the Doctor—now do it!"

WT: Did you have expectations about the show that were different from what you'd thought going into other shows?

PD: Well, it is a most appallingly daunting part to take on, if only because Tom had done it for seven years—and also because you can't approach **Doctor Who** like you can approach any other part. In any other part you're playing in fiction, you usually can say, "Well, this character had this sort of background. He had parents like this, he went to this school..." You know. But with **Doctor Who**, he comes from Gallifrey. The man is 750 years old and has two hearts! You can't really draw many conclusions from that! So I asked them if I could have videotapes of the earlier Doctors, which I watched, and tried to pick out ideas from that—just to bring in, subtly, the early ones to help me on my way.

WT: And how else did you go about bringing depth to the role? Did you find it limited, in that the Doctor's always good, and you know he's always moral? How do you develop that into a character?

PD: Well, you have to make him sort of reckless, actually. So that he's not always acting in the best interests of the situation.

I mean, if he really was wise, he'd probably leave in the first scene of most of the stories, wouldn't he. He would land wherever he was, and get the hell out! So, as far as I was concerned, he was someone who was...immediately interested in the situation he got into, so that perhaps he wasn't thinking in a... He was obviously intending to do the right thing, but somehow by being interested he would do the wrong thing for quite a while. Maybe he'd put people's lives at risk—which quite often happened through his own actions. Inadvertantly, simply because he was fascinated by the situation he got into.

WT: What parts of yourself did you incorporate into the role, and how was the Doctor markedly different from you?

PD: I don't think you ever think about too consciously—especially if you're playing someone from Gallifrey, someone 750 years old—exactly what parts of yourself you're putting into it. The fact of the matter is that it was me playing it. There is no way in which I was cast to be like Tom. So, having decided on various things to take from other Doctors, and having an idea of how I maybe wanted to change the direction of **Doctor Who** a bit, into making it a bit more believable, in a way—apart from that, I just did it. Therefore, bits that are me came over.

WT: Did you think of the Doctor at all as a role model? About his effect on children?

PD: No, I don't think so. Maybe if I hadn't been playing someone so down-the-line sincere I would have worried about it; but I didn't think that I was.... No, I didn't really think about that at the time I was making the story. To me, it was an adventure story. And I was playing, as it happened, the good guy. Therefore that took care of itself. I never thought too much about how I should "set an example" for the children—that's almost preaching to them, which I think they're too bright for...

WT: At the time you were playing the Doctor, were you

Peter Davison



doing other parts as well?

PD: Yes, I was. I was quite fortunate that I was doing actually two other television series at the time I was up for **Doctor Who**, and I was able to carry those on for a couple of years. So I would stop doing **Doctor Who**, and go off and do those other series.

WT: And those were?

PD: There was one—neither of them got over here—but the one was called "Holding the Fort," and the other was called "Sink or Swim." And then in the final year, I stopped and did the "All Creatures, Great and Small" special. So each year I was doing **Doctor Who** I fit in something else, which was a break—a change is good as a rest, although I didn't have a holiday...

WT: Then television is the medium in which you intend to continue working?

PD: Well I would love to do film. I do enjoy television. Probably I ought to do stage, although I don't have a burning desire to do stage work. I would like to do film work, simply because I've never done it. I've never had the kind of luxury that film affords over television.

WT: What steps did you take to protect yourself against typecasting?

PD: I didn't do anything while I was doing the Doctor. I think you can't really do anything to avoid it. The only thing I did to avoid it was to stop playing the Doctor fairly soon—three seasons. Although that was the same number as William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton, I made fewer episodes—simply because more episodes were made in the early days. Obviously, that was a factor when I said I wasn't going to do it a fourth year—I felt I had gone about as long as I could without becoming too fixed as the Doctor in people's minds. As it is, I think Tristan is the part that I'll never quite get away from. I think the first part that draws the public's attention to you, is the part that they will always sort of know you as. So I think I was sort of "Tristan Playing the Doctor," rather than just "The Doctor" (laughs).

WT: As a fan, who is your favorite companion?

PD: Oh, that's such a difficult question. There are so many good ones. I would have to say Nyssa.

WT: What have you been doing since you left the show, and what are your plans for the near future?

PD: I did a series just after I left **Doctor Who** called "Anna of the Five Towers," which is a BBC serial, a classic serial based on an Arnold Bennett (an 1895 novelist) book. I play a wealthy property owner who falls in love with Anna. I've done a couple of episodes of an Agatha Christie series, Miss Marple stories, which I think is being sold to America. And the future, at the moment I don't know....

Note: Since this interview, Peter has appeared at **Doctor Who** Festivals and/or conventions in five cities, done a part for "Magnum P.I.," a special for "All Creatures," and fathered a wonderful little girl named Georgina!

WT: Is there a particular role you'd like to play?

PD: No, except I'd like to play different parts. I suppose I have a burning ambition still to play kind of...tougher parts. People tend to think of you as never being able to do that. So one gets cast in parts...The director or producer want you to be what you've been before. So that's really typecasting in a way. I got away from that in the classic serial, certainly. The Agatha Christie thing is more back to me being how I'm known. But, well, I guess I'd just like to play different parts. Film

would be nice.

WT: How do you feel about this whole convention scene?

PD: A big difference between this convention and the last one, is that we didn't have autograph sessions at this convention. I personally think that's a really good idea; because I think once you draw that barrier, of signing that piece of paper—I know that people like autographs, and we are upstairs signing posters that people will get after the convention—but there's something about when someone approaches you and says, "Oh, will you sign this please," and you sign it, and somehow—both they and you—build a barrier. Suddenly, you are "The Celebrity" and they are "The Fan," and I much prefer if one can be strong enough to say one isn't signing autographs—outside of what we're doing upstairs. Then, you can actually talk to people; and it's a whole different kind of thing that comes out. You get much more interesting conversations than what goes on in the panels.... You can talk to them like you might talk to anybody, like a friend, really; and you don't have this sort of barrier of Them and Us, which I think is a shame. Autograph sessions to me are hopeless from that point of view. They'll shove a piece of paper at you, and while you're signing it, or signing the book, they'll ask you a question and you'll sort of half-answer, trying to remember what their name is and also trying to remember how to spell your own name—and that will be it. You maybe glance at them once as you give the book back to them....

WT: When you are a guest at a convention do you find yourself, in a sense, "playing Peter Davison?"

PD: Well I suppose so, yes; but no more so than I think anyone has their own mask they put on in company. I don't think I have an "actors persona" which I put on which I don't have upstairs. But obviously, you know, everyone has a way of getting through meeting people who they've never met before. It's just me getting through.

WT: Have you a feeling of being a celebrity? Of losing your personal life or being open to public inspection?

PD: Well, I think that at this convention, which is open to public inspection in a way, it's only natural to meet with the fans of the program. So that's fine. I mean, it can get a little tiring when one is shopping and you get followed around. People in England don't tend to actually come up and say anything to you. They'll sort of stand ten feet away from you and whisper and giggle and go, "I'm sure it is him. It looks just like him"—knowing that you can hear what they're saying. They don't actually come up and say, "Oh, I really liked you in that series," or "I really hated you in that series"—at least that would be them saying something to you. But at a convention, I'm very happy to meet the people.

WT: Do you plan to do other conventions in America in 1985?

PD: In the past five hours, I've been asked to a "Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy" convention in St. Louis, and a **Doctor Who** convention in San Jose. It's a matter of commitments, really. It was much easier to do these things when I was doing **Doctor Who**, because I knew then that I'd be doing **Doctor Who** next March and next July, and I could say to John Nathan-Turner, "Look, can I have two days off to go and do this?" But now I don't have that luxury. I never know what on earth I'm doing!

WT: Thank you very much for the interview and your time.

PD: You're welcome. I enjoyed it.

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Listed below are the names of our official charter chapters. If you are interested in taking part, we suggest you get in touch with the one closest to you. As time goes by, it is our charter chapters that public television calls on for assistance. They all have fine leadership as well as our stamp of approval with PBS.

If there is not a charter chapter in your area, why not start one? While it's not as easy as you might think, starting and being part of a charter chapter is rewarding. You must have at least 25 members in your club, and ALL members must be members in good standing of DWFCA. Each chapter must have a governing committee and be pledged to help the local PBS affiliate whenever that affiliate asks for it. The club should hold regular meetings. From time to time, whenever there is a Festival in town and we need help, you must be at the ready to supply it. There is an application fee of \$25.00, which must be sent in along with the names and addresses of each member.

While we hope your chapter is efficient and effective in the community, the one factor we urge is that you have fun doing what you do. Many groups become entangled in petty politics and ego problems. We will not be part of that. There are also cities where rival fan clubs are either at each other's throats or simply do not give each other any support. This not only creates tension but a serious breakdown in fan interest. This doesn't do anyone any good and, in fact, can create some real problems with PBS.

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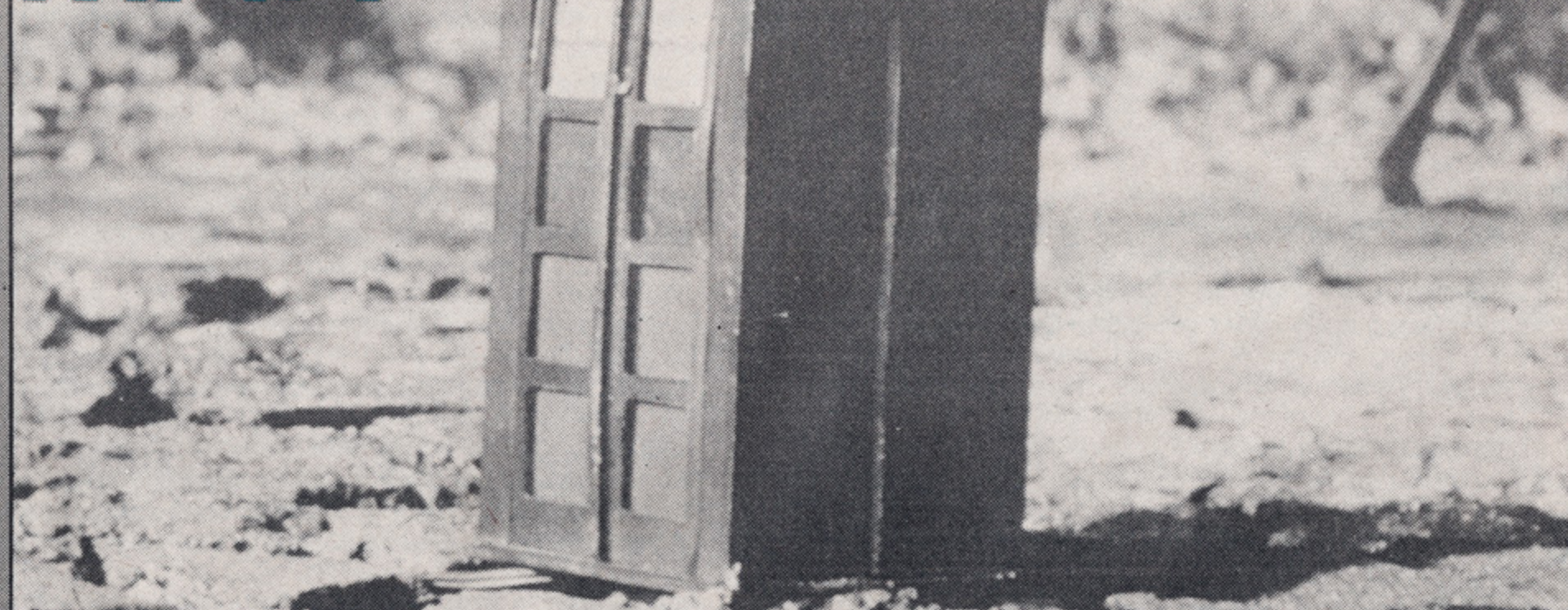
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THE EVOLUTION OF MAN



by C.A. Chambers

Four hundred million years ago, the Earth was a barren planet. The atmosphere was methane and ammonia. Frequent bursts of lightning lit the sky. The vast ocean was full of small organic molecules ricocheting against each other without effect. Four hundred million years ago, a Jaggeroth spaceship exploded, sending a tremendous jolt of energy into the primordial soup, causing the organic molecules to aggregate into self-replicating units. Thus was life on Earth created. Most of the force of the explosion fragmented the ship's pilot into twelve parts and deposited them in various places across the timescape of humanity. Then, for the next 200 million years, the parts of Scaroth cooled their heels, waiting for evolution to catch up. To reunite his pieces, Scaroth had to influence the development of some intelligent race to the point where it could invent time travel. He found the dinosaurs intensely frustrating—they were the lords of the Earth for 140 million years, but they were so stupid that all attempts to teach them science failed miserably. Finally, something happened that gave Scaroth his opportunity—thanks to Adric, a space freighter from 2526 A.D. was sent spiraling back in time 65 million years. Still locked on the course set by the Cybermen, the freighter crashed into the Earth's atmosphere. The explosion of the anti-matter drive threw up clouds of dust so thick that an Ice Age began; the dinosaurs were completely wiped out, clearing the way for the mammals. These little rat-like creatures had been around for a million years, but had no room to evolve. Now the whole world was open to them. Scaroth realized that his chance was approaching—these creatures were so prolific and their generation time so short that natural selection could proceed rapidly. Dinosaurs didn't change for 140 million years; but only 50 million years after the freighter crashed, Scaroth could see a possibility of intelligence in a certain group of mammals. These plains-dwellers had all the characteristics Scaroth required—they were omnivorous and thus could live anywhere; they had elongated digits capable of manipulating objects and thus could become tool-makers; and they had the drive and aggression to become the new lords of the Earth.

At this point, 12 million years ago, another force began meddling in the evolution of mammals. The last remnant of the Fendahl, a skull incredibly similar to the modern human skull, arrived on Earth and buried itself in the mud of an African plain. Determined to re-create itself, it started sending out psychic emanations, acting on any creature that came within range. Only those organisms with brain wave patterns close to the Fendahl wavelength were able to survive and escape; animals that didn't match lost their life-energy to the Fendahl's hunger for death. Thus, with each generation, the survivors became more and more similar to the Fendahl—they began walking upright, lost most of their body hair, and developed opposable thumbs. By four million years ago, the human race had definitely appeared, in the

image of the Fendahl.

From this point, Homo sapiens evolved rapidly, under the technological influence of Scaroth and the biological influence of the Fendahl. About 500 thousand years ago, just about the time Scaroth demonstrated the true use of fire, a third alien race arrived on Earth and also started interfering. The Daemons, represented by Azal, were slightly less self-centered, but no less manipulative, than the other two—they wanted to use the Earth as a living laboratory to determine the ultimate development of an intelligent species. Azal gave humans some gifts of knowledge to see if mankind could develop the moral and philosophical wisdom to handle these gifts. (Fortunately for Scaroth, his goals just happened to match Azal's, and so Azal let him continue. Scaroth, of course, was spatially limited to a small area and thus had only a local effect. Azal's influence was more far-reaching.)

As an aside, there were some interesting side-effects of these alien manipulations. Azal's first appearance on Earth made an impression that sank deep into human race-memories, so that every civilization afterward worshipped a god with horns. As for the Fendahl, those humans whose brains were most Fendahl-like became strong radiators of psychic energy; in other words, witches. The places where they live and where their bones were laid were sites of fissures in the fabric of time, giving rise to tales of ghosts.

Progress proceeded apace, with parts of Scaroth involved in many of the major technological and artistic achievements in human history. Around 10,000 B.C., he invented the wheel; he caused the Pyramids to be built and the heavens to be mapped. Eventually, the sciences were far enough advanced that Scaroth was able to concentrate on amassing the wealth needed to achieve his purpose. The Fendahl's purpose was also coming to a climax. Dr. Fendelman, the final product of genetic meddling, had the intelligence and alien-directed ambition to build the machinery necessary to activate the Fendahl. Azal too was ready to awaken to observe the results of his experiment. If the experiment were a failure, it would be terminated. In all three cases, the result would be the same—the total destruction of all life on Earth. Then, amazingly, yet another alien got involved. On three different occasions during the A.D. 1970's, one of the meddling races attempted to accomplish its purpose; three times, luckily for humanity, the Doctor successfully intervened.

Thus, Homo sapiens can take very little credit for its own evolution. Aliens created life and gave the mammals a chance; aliens directed the development of the human race. Aliens almost destroyed the Earth; an alien saved it. If it hadn't been for all these aliens, life on Earth would have been very different.



MORBIUS: THE RENEGADE

Gallifrey, to its credit, has produced many Timelords who were not content to remain at home endlessly and fecklessly gazing at the Universe from afar. Some have abandoned their homeworld in order to explore and investigate the rest of the Cosmos personally, despite, or perhaps because of, their knowledge that to do so would be to invite upon themselves the opprobrium of their fellow Timelords. Others have sought personal glory and power. They have enjoyed the collective title of renegades. The most evil of these renegades was the former Protector of Gallifrey, the reprobate known universally as the Bandit, the Galactic Beast, the Butcher of Karn, and Marshal Morbius.

Morbius, like most other renegade Timelords, was a graduate of the Prydonian Academy. His thesis recommended a return to Gallifrey's darker days of intervention in the affairs of others. This attracted a great deal of attention, including that of members of the High Council. Lord President Skondele, himself a Prydonian of great intellectual and scholarly achievement, was the official opponent of Morbius's thesis, and delivered a passionate and eloquent denunciation of Morbius's proposals as immoral and likely to drag Gallifrey into the many wars then ravaging the Ten Galaxies. The Committee of Scholars agreed with Skondele and failed Morbius, despite the young scholar's arguments for Gallifreyan domination of the cosmos. This blow permanently soured Morbius on the Timelords. He never forgave the High Council as a group or Skondele personally. He abandoned his attempts to convince the Timelords to assert themselves as the rulers of the universe and set out to overthrow them and usurp their powers.

Morbius applied for, and received, a transfer to the Chancellery Guard, which is almost always a career dead-end, from which one rarely rises any higher than to Castellan. He received permission (from an Arcalian, it should be pointed out) to travel to other star systems as a military observer, though he was not permitted independent operation of a Time Capsule. It was during these trips that Morbius first began to notice and to attract to himself the disaffected, poor, sick, insane, and adventurous, who later swarmed to fill his murderous legions.

He also began laying his plot to seize power on Gallifrey. Morbius struck a deal with the Xrablii Knights of Darkness, inviting them to attack Gallifrey. He provided the Xrablii Grand Sword with what were supposed to be plans of the planet's defenses. He then permitted two regiments of Xrablii to infiltrate the Citadel of Capitol City and himself led them to the chambers of Lord President Skondele. Morbius is alleged to have personally murdered the President as he sat at his desk.

While the barbarous Xrablii rampaged and pillaged their way through the Citadel, Morbius summoned the guards, including a battalion of his own new personal Special Guards. He then proclaimed himself Protector of Gallifrey in its hour of need and had the Citadel flooded with Sentalene gas, the most poisonous substance in the known universe (Sentalene was, of course, banned at the famous Eleventh Intergalactic Convention on War and Diplomacy, and the secret of its preparation and use suppressed. Where Morbius

obtained his supply has never been revealed.) The Sentalene wiped out the invading Xrablii, as well as most of the Guards (the Specials had been equipped with protective masks), leaving Morbius with the only forces of coercion on the planet. Those few Guards who survived found themselves outcast, and abandoned Gallifrey's cities for the wild lands Outside the domes. These were, of course, the original Shobogans, named for their leader Shobog, a young and vigorous Guard (and a graduate of the Patrexe Academy).

Following his self-proclamation as Protector, Morbius tried to summon his off-world followers to Gallifrey. But Timelords loyal to Skondele managed to raise the transduction barriers and destroyed the first of the remaining ships; the others fled. Morbius was trapped; while trying to escape, he was shot down by several of his Specials who had defected to the loyalists. His body stared beyond recognition, Morbius managed to hold onto life long enough for his remaining loyal Specials to get him to a waiting ship, where there was a regeneration chamber.

Morbius and his followers headed for Karn, where he tried to interest the Sisters of the Sacred Flame in his schemes, hoping to use their Elixir of Life to boost his powers and bribe his followers. The Sisters, however, would have nothing to do with him, and reported his whereabouts to Gallifrey. Morbius swore revenge on the Sisters, who begged the High Council for protection. Gallifrey was now involved in a war, not to win a universe, but to deny Morbius one.

In the initial skirmish, half of Karn was devastated. Gallifreyans do not, on the whole, take well to war, which was evident from the opening clash. Morbius was able to escape, in the process turning the exhaust jets of his fleeing spaceship on the castle of the Sisters, damaging it severely and causing the disastrous rupture of the Mount Sellaek volcano. Eventually, this caused the waning of the gases which feed the Sacred Flame.

Morbius's crimes were only beginning. He had left the Time-lord Expeditionary Force marooned on Karn. He therefore immediately headed for Gallifrey, now unprotected. He was joined by followers, first in the tens of thousands, ultimately in the millions. With their help Morbius re-established his Protectorate over Gallifrey and declared "at an end" the Time-lord domination over the planet. Promising wealth and power to his followers, he began plotting toward his ultimate goal, the conquest of the universe.

As the Bandit's empire spread, it became ever harder for him to exercise personal control over his dominions and lieutenants. He had to trust his subordinates, and as these had been bred for ruthlessness and power-lust, they were not naturally trustworthy. In fact, the emergence of rivals from within his own camp eventually led to civil war among the Morbians. One in particular, named Turulla, became a special thorn in the Beast's side, as many disillusioned troopers defected to his side in the hope of finally fulfilling their frustrated ambitions. Morbius had to devote more and more time to warding off these challenges to control of territories already conquered, which left him increasingly less time to devote to new conquests. It also left him increasingly vulnerable to outside attack.

On every civilized planet armies were forming to attack and overthrow Morbius. A federation of planets from the galaxies of Pelorat, Andromeda, Nexius, and Mutter's Spiral had been formed. They pooled their forces into a Military Alliance. Political leadership was provided by Time-lord President-in-Exile Tobelik (the only Lord President not born on Gallifrey; indeed, Tobelik was the only Lord President of the High Council who never even saw Gallifrey in any of his lives); military command was exercised by Admiral Pjenghai'ssa, a former Morbian disgusted by his one-time mentor's brutality and depravity. Pjenghai'ssa, a Vritupian, submitted to an amputation before the start of the Endless Campaign; it was the only way any former Morbian could ever be trusted. He did not have to have his grievances psychosurgically removed, for he never had any. His reason for following the Bandit was to get to space: Vritup had been an isolated, uncivilized planet until a Morbian ship made a forced landing on it to steal fuel and press-gang slaves for the engine room. Pjenghai'ssa showed great courage and military and strategic brilliance, and worked his way to the top. Without his ambitions, he was as trustworthy as any other robot.

Initially, the war went poorly for the Alliance. Morbius had had centuries of battle experience, and much time in which to prepare his defenses. Although he was fighting on two fronts at once, he occupied the central position, and his two enemies despised each other as much as they did Morbius, which made it impossible for them to cooperate against him. Often this lack of coordination enabled the Bandit to defeat his enemies separately, shifting resources from front to front, whereas simultaneous attacks might have overwhelmed him.

After nearly eight centuries of war, in the course of which Pjenghai'ssa died (Vritupians normally live only about one hundred Terran years; Pjenghai'ssa, who took regular doses of the Elixir of Life, died at 783) and Tobelik regenerated twice, Morbius had been stripped of almost sixty percent of

his maximum total gains. The Alliance was still very far from Gallifrey, which was Tobelik's strategic goal (though not that of his Allies). And the war was not close to being won. Morbius had finally begun to recapture the brilliance of his early years; fighting for his lives had considerably improved his judgment and restrained his megalomania. He even attempted to negotiate with his enemies, hoping either to play them off against each other, and thus buy time in which to defeat in detail first one and then the other, or at least to escape with control over some small piece of his winnings. However, although Turulla was willing to settle for something less than total victory over his erstwhile leader, Tobelik and the other Alliance leaders were not. Thus Turulla, fearful that, after an Alliance triumph in which he had not participated and to which he had not contributed, he might be their next target, refused to consider a separate peace with Morbius. So the terrible war continued.

By the middle of the twelfth century of the Endless Campaign, the end was in sight. Morbius himself knew it, and was making feverish preparations to establish himself in an impregnable position, safe from attack, wherein he would wait out the Allies until they tired of besieging him and went away. Then he could emerge and start over. Unfortunately for him, Allied intelligence had foreseen this plan of his and had taken counter-measures. One of Morbius's lieutenants, a humanoid named Theggett, afraid of reprisals after the Beast's defeat, offered to betray the Bandit. Early in the thirteenth century of the war (the eighteenth century of Morbius's Second Protectorate), Alliance troopers, disguised as provisional privates in Morbius's Galactic Life Guards, infiltrated his palace-fortress on the planet Tratedri and arrested him.

Desperate Morbians with nothing left to lose unleashed their fury at many unprotected planets. The traitor Theggett was the central object of their wrath. Unable to attack him directly, as the Timelords had him under close protection on Gallifrey, some especially fanatic Morbians exacted their revenge on his planet, Bestreous V, which was destroyed by a particularly gruesome plague-virus bomb shortly after Morbius's capture. A shipload of escaping Morbians crash-landed on the planet Zanak, and under the leadership of the vessel's brutal Captain, degenerated into utter and undisguised piracy. Civil war ravaged other planets, as charges of treason and collaboration led to feuds and vendettas and hindered attempts to reestablish civil governments.

Finally, there remained the question of what to do with Morbius himself. A tribunal of representatives of those planets most dreadfully ravaged by Morbius and his legions convened on Karn to try the renegade Time-lord for "crimes against the universe." The trial was marred from its very start by provocations and disruptions staged by brazen and unrepentant Morbians. One fanatic even managed to assassinate Supreme Justice Tobelik by detonating a high explosive device concealed within his own bones, blowing up himself along with several thousand square feet of courtroom. Thus ended the lives of one of Gallifrey's greatest heroes.

Needless to say, the Tribunal found Morbius guilty on all counts and sentenced him to dematerialization. The sentence was carried out shortly thereafter in the presence of representatives of most civilized worlds. Or so it was thought. As has since become known, fanatic Morbians, under the direction of the brilliant, mad surgeon Doctor Mehendri Solon, actually managed to steal Morbius's brain before the body was placed in the dispersal chamber, and hid the organ on Karn, hoping to use it to resurrect their deity later. This plot, as detailed in the fine historical work of the Tellurian chronicler Terrance Dicks, was foiled by an itinerant Time-lord sent to Karn by the High Council. As a result, Morbius is once again assumed dead, although there is no absolute, incontrovertible evidence of this.

This little history should make it clear that only one Time-lord can possibly be considered worthy of the appellation "Most Evil Renegade of All Time." With all due respect to the Master, one must ask how anyone can even think of choosing him rather than Morbius. Morbius achieved so much more than the Master has ever even attempted: twice conqueror of Gallifrey (something no one else has ever done even once); ruler of a good chunk of nearly four galaxies; responsible for the destruction of countless planets and the deaths of septillions of sentient beings. Not even the Daleks were ever responsible for so much death and destruction. And their innings lasted much longer.

His influence does not even belong to the past, as the incident of his brain shows. There lurk in the universe many shadowy followers of this brute, maintaining their faith in him in the face of evidence that he lives no longer, that his "glorious quest" was no more than the barbaric spree of a monumental vandal. His crimes were so grotesque and enormous, that they cloud our vision and numb our minds. We cannot grasp his scale, leaving us prey to invidious comparisons with such relatively minor villains as the Master. Those who fail to realize this do so only at their own peril, as the example of Theggett's unfortunate homeworld should surely make plain to all.

REVIEW

BY MARC PLATT

First there was one Doctor; then there were Three Doctors; then there were Five Doctors; now there is the Sixth Doctor plus One (the Second One that is). Time is relative after all, and the Doctor has no closer relation than himself. At a rough estimate, there are at least fifteen permutations of "The Two Doctors" and they only involve Doctors One to Six. Let us leave the complicated matter of the Third Doctor meeting himself at the start of "Day of the Daleks" out of this. (The one Doctors?!). Suffice it to say that in Robert Holmes' "Two Doctors," the Second generation meets the Sixth with alarming results.

Robert Holmes' fourteenth **Doctor Who** story underwent a number of changes before it reached the screen. In the initial conception, Colin Baker's Doctor would encounter the First Doctor and his granddaughter Susan in a story filmed on location in New Orleans. Holmes hunted for a feature of the city that could be amplified into the principle preoccupation of the story's new race of aliens. After toying with the idea of jazz, he settled on New Orleans' reputation as a centre of culinary excellence. The aliens would be obsessed with food; cooking would be an art form for them. There would be nothing that they were not prepared to try poaching, frying, braising or consuming in one form or another. In typical Holmesian style, he took "gourmand," rehashed it as "Androgum," and the story was preliminarily titled "The Androgum Inheritance." It was also stipulated that the Doctor's old enemies, the Sontarans, should return in this story, and Holmes, having felt that their previous two stories had done his creations less than full justice, was willing to comply.

The untimely death of the veteran actor Richard Hurndall, put pay to the original "Hartnell" Doctor's appearance and with him went Carole Ann Ford's Susan. Instead Patrick Troughton's pookish Doctor was called upon, accompanied by his faithful and longest-serving companion, Jamie (Frazer Hines belying the fact that it is sixteen years since he left the series). This must have caused a few headaches, as the baleful curse of continuity began to raise its inevitable head.

Additionally, the New Orleans trip had to be abandoned and a new location found. Andalusia in Spain was chosen, with sequences to be filmed at a hacienda outside Seville and in the city itself. By now the Androgums were too well established a concept for Robert Holmes to want to change their gluttonous characteristics to fit the new location. The title, however, was changed to the far less imaginative "Two Doctors."

Peter Moffatt, whose past **Doctor Who** credits include "State of Decay," "The Visitation," "Mawdryn Undead," "The Five Doctors" and "The Twin Dilemma," was faced with a further problem when the fine British actress Elizabeth Spriggs, an inspired choice to play the mega-genius Androgum Chessene, had to withdraw. She would have proved a formidable and fearsome opponent, but although Moffatt's second choice was perhaps less daring, it still proved very happy. Jacqueline Pearce, almost over-familiar as the arch-villain Servalan in "Blake's Seven," gives a more glamorous, but nevertheless richly subtle performance. Servalan's gigantic ego lingers, tempered by Chessene's effortless intelligence, but the heritage of her baser instincts is never far below the surface.

As one would expect from Holmes, the story is typically unorthodox. As first it appears to be an invasion story, but the immediate and violent threat of the Sontarans soon gives way to the more complex machinations of the Androgums. Recently **Doctor Who** has been increasingly concerned with appearance and sensationalism, but here, despite the exotic locations of Andalusia, character is very much to the fore and much of the drama rises from it.

In deep space, the clone warrior, Humpty Dumpty race of Sontarans, still battling it out with their eternal enemies the Rutans, are intent on learning the secrets of Time Travel. To this end, the Sontarans invade the Research Institute on the Space Station Chimera, where successful temporal experiments are being carried out. The Timelords, already suspecting trouble afoot, and sensing their own prestige as time-travelling supremos to be threatened, decide to send in an agent—enter the Doctor. This is where the continuity problem starts. Wittingly starting in black and white, the story slides the monochrome past into the colourful present. The Second Doctor is now mysteriously able to pilot himself around the universe with Tom Baker's TARDIS console, and has conveniently deposited his companion Victoria, somewhere out of the way for this trip. Quite how Jamie knows who the Timelords are, or why the Doctor should admit that acting on their behalf is the price he pays for his freedom, is a mystery. Not until his third generation, was the Doctor anything like a Gallifreyan agent. Troughton was strictly a fugitive. Certainly Susan, who Jamie replaced, knew about the Timelords, but her grandfather, the First Doctor, was just as unlikely to be



"There is a bit of Androgum in all of us."



COLIN BAKER and PATRICK TROUGHTON
Work up a good rapport.

working for the Timelords. Do we then have an alternative Doctor here, or even a future generation of the Doctor picking up with his old companions again? Script Editors must be prone to excessively heavy migraines.

Ignoring the hurdles, Troughton's performance remains as resourceful as ever. His Doctor, by turn clownish, obstreperous, vain, gentle, gullible and blazingly intelligent—sometimes all at once—seems to have lost little of his ability to enthrall and enchant. It is also a treat to see the old double act of Troughton and Frazer Hines still sparring off, yet complimenting each other's performances. Jamie is still a bit dense but immensely likeable. His reversion to savagery aboard the deserted Institute is understandable, but the lack of emphasis on just how long he has been trapped alone in space believing the Doctor to be dead, and with only corpses for company, makes it seem a bit sudden, as is his recovery at the hands of the Sixth Doctor.

Colin Baker's Doctor is growing into a dominant character. He has much to contribute to the part, and here, with the aid of Robert Holmes, he manages to avoid his greatest weakness, resorting to arrogant petulance, usually when the scripting gets a bit thin. This Doctor, if rather razzamatazz, tempers his preening pomposity with a wistful charm that allows for the pitfalls his overblown ego digs for him. He is his own worst enemy, but his vulnerability is very endearing.

There is also depth enough in his portrayal to suggest a man with a past. Fortunately, he is not eclipsed by the past either, even when confronted by it in the screen-stealing shape of Patrick Troughton. The two work up a good rapport between each other, although more could have been made of the inevitable arguments between two manifestations of the same personality.

Nicola Bryant also shows increasingly independent strength of character. The slight whine that used to creep in has been toned down, and her ability to stand up to her Doctor's interminable lectures, particularly her outburst at how "privileged" she feels, make her an engaging companion. She has also learned to flounce in a style that Sarah Jane Smith would be proud of.

The Sontarans have always been one of the most human of **Doctor Who** alien races. Their characteristics are easily recognisable—the worst sort of course, this is a Robert Holmes story after all. We can identify with them as uncomfortably close parodies of ourselves. Robert Holmes takes cruel delight in sending up the hawkish militaristic mind. In his Sontarans, fighting, strategy and the glory of battle are as much an art form as cooking is to the Androgums. In the latest two recruits to the Sontaran squad, the bombastic parody seems to be getting almost too extreme. Group Marshall Stike and his adjutant Varl exhibit a single-mindedness that threatens to verge on the absurd. Stike is played as the stereotype British Army Officer, complete with swagger stick. Fortunately, he has a leering authority, which survives the badly fitting collar and a mask that although splendidly hideous, seems to alter position for every scene—a piece of rather shoddy direction, particularly at one point when it is visibly just tucked in. It is also a pity that their first full appearance is botched up. Until then, their familiar global space-ships and their three digitised hands are the only glimpses we get. Then, in the first Spanish location scene, there is Varl in full view, even forced to doff his helmet, the traditional Sontaran unveiling, at a distance, in a matter-of-fact way that ruins the build-up achieved until then. Perhaps Peter Moffatt did not want to draw attention from the Androgums, but it seems much too good an opportunity to throw away. It is also notable that different ranks in the Sontaran forces seem to be cloned from different stock. Stike is much taller than the familiar squat shape of Varl. Perhaps Sontarans are hatched to their rank. Poor Varl—no chance of promotion.

The Androgums are the principle aliens in this story however, easily forcing the Sontarans into a secondary position. Both Chessene o' the Franzine Grig and Shockeye o' the Quancing Grig are richly drawn if very different characters. They give Robert Holmes the chance to vent his spite on the more dubious carnivorous characteristics of the human diet. Even the Doctor is caught waxing lyrical over freshly caught Gumblejack fish cooked in their own juices. The abandoned Jamie reverts to primitive instincts. Oscar Botcherby, the cowardly restaurateur/"resting" actor, admits that he cannot stand the sight of blood—except on stage of course, yet he is a practicing lepidopterist, who catches and kills moths with cyanide for his collection. There is a bit of Androgum in all of us, but it rarely resembles the extremes of Shockeye. Gruesomely played by John Stratton, he is a shrunken fairy-tale ogre in the best fe-fi-fo-fum tradition, bedecked with assorted lethal cutlery and harbouring an insatiable appetite. Employed aboard the Space Station as master chef, his greatest desire, to sample human flesh, is excuse enough for Chessene to lead her party to Earth. Once there, Shockeye indulges in savouring the planet's delicacies, everything upwards from rat (a scene of glorious bad taste in all senses). Quite what he plans to do with Strike's putrid severed leg is best left to the imagination. Shockeye is pure Androgum, the manifestation of the basest of instincts, and when he and Troughton, genetically manipulated into a similar condition, set off hunting for food, we are treated to a wickedly ingenious farce sequence that only Robert Holmes could imagine, let alone dare put into **Doctor Who**. Chessene appears to have risen above all this, or so Dastari, her mentor has convinced himself. She is his protégée, her intelligence augmented by him to mega-genius level, but now she dominates him. In awe of what he has created, he allows her to indulge her every whim. He believes he has created a perfect being, an embryo God. The scene where Chessene, for all her intellect, allows her reason to finally succumb to her natural instincts, as she licks the blood shed from the Doctor's wounds, is one of the great moments of **Doctor Who**.

Peter Moffatt's direction uses the attractive location well enough, but generates less tension than it should. The Station infra-structure scenes look impressive rather than dangerous. The camera work is solid rather than exciting. Nevertheless, "The Two Doctors" is a welcome return to longer stories, with a depth of character and breadth of narrative missing all too often lately. The **Doctor Who** recipe allows for main courses as well as snacks.



PATRICK TROUGHTON AND FRAZER HINES

WHO AND I

By Patrick Troughton



DEBORAH WATLING AND PATRICK

NOTES FROM THE SECOND DOCTOR TO HIMSELF

I've just been reading through some old notes I made, since I was asked by Ron Katz to write this article. I haven't included many of them, they make strange reading. If I'd developed some of them, I have a feeling the result would have been more entertaining...

I see I've written "removal of Deborah Watling's panties on two occasions...the Vicar's reaction..." No comment.

"Debbie Sandwich": I'm trying to remember to what that referred—but it wasn't something to eat—I believe it involved Frazer and me...perhaps one day out filming, when the three of us found a blanket and covered ourselves up with it and slept cuddled up for hours while the director tried to find us to do a bit of work.

"Frazer's Socks": That I DO recall. We were driving in my MG to Wales to film the first "Yeti" story and Frazer insisted on taking his shoes off and resting his feet up on the dashboard. He rarely changed his socks and the smell was horrific!

"Billy and I went drinking in the Pub opposite Riverside Studios after my first appearance": Nothing much to say about that, except it was sad and went on until the early hours and Billy wasn't really well.

"The day the Cyberman caught fire": He did, too! And had to be put out of his costume in a hurry!

"How we avoided working too hard": Yes...if, at the first reading of a new episode, Frazer, Debbie, Wendy and I thought our parts too long, we would, by pre-arranged signal, read the episode slower than usual (but not so slow as anyone would notice). This resulted in the "lady with the stopwatch" declaring, at the end, that the episode was too long. So it was duly cut down in length. It never failed!

"The best years of my life": They were.

It's all so long ago...so much forgotten. Yet, the beginning is still vivid in my memory: seated before the telly, with my young family, watching the very first episode with growing excitement and compulsion. Carol Ann Ford as the strange young school girl who seemed to know so much more than her two teachers. Confounding, puzzling them and fascinating them; so much so that at last, their curiosity getting the better of them, they followed, at a distance, the child home; to find themselves in an old warehouse where stood a Police Telephone Box into which she disappeared! Then, they experienced amazement and disbelief upon opening the doors and finding...the inside enormously bigger than the outside! They had found a great time travel machine on a scale even H.G. Wells never dreamed of!

And the occupant? An elderly, white-haired, old gentleman—grandfather of the school girl. A man of mystery and great knowledge—a being, as we were to learn, from another time and another place—travelling with his granddaughter backward and forward in Time and hither and thither in Space, visiting the past (planets long since devoid of life and even existence), the present (planets where dwelt creatures of weird shapes and sizes, some advanced, some primitive) and the future (the most exciting of all!).

Add to that the fact that the old gentleman (it became clear) had not complete control over his machine and seldom "landed" where he intended. A fact I was later to enlarge upon.

The families of England, Scotland and Wales quickly came to love this tetchy, sometimes irritable, genius of an old man,

always slow to admit that strange creatures (just because they were different or ugly even) were necessarily bad or dangerous. (Though luckily for us they mostly were!)

We watched every adventure for three years. I was especially a fan, as I have always been quite sure the universe is teeming with planets able to support life (and I still am). So for me it was all true! These creatures and "people" really exist out there. (I think when this fact really sinks in to us humans it will make a vast difference to our attitude to life and belief systems.)

Even right now, each one of us can see millions of years back into the past simply by looking at the stars in the night sky. The light from them has taken an unimaginable time to reach us. If only we could zoom into close-up along the light from one of the stars and its planets, we might see amazing creatures and if they could do the same, they might see the dinosaurs on Earth!

The only **Doctor Who** stories I didn't enjoy so much were the ones that went back in history here on Earth. No surprise was possible, one knew what would happen. I preferred the excitement of the unknown. But I remember one exception when it was revealed that the "Marie Celeste" had been visited, on that fateful mysterious morning, by Daleks!

I've written of Billy Hartnell's years as **Doctor Who** because I was very much involved as a fan, but then, in 1966, all was to change to my utter amazement!

The first time I met Billy was that very first day at Riverside Studios when I lay on the studio floor and was transmuted into the Doctor—Billy's face slowly fading and my face appearing—much to the frightened amazement of Ben and Polly, **Doctor Who's** two companions.

"Amazement" was right! Billy's well-dressed, dignified appearance, with his neat white hair, dissolving into my dark-haired "Beatle" cut—very untidy and tousled, and my tatty, threadbare frock coat, crumpled shirt and baggy trousers torn at the knee.

That was all I had to do that first day. Next day I had to take a deep breath, and plunge in, rehearsing my first episode as "The Doctor."

It must be remembered that this was the first time a different actor had taken over the part. It was all a bit daunting, both for me and the script writers!

I seem to remember I played those early scenes as someone slowly waking from amnesia—gradually surprised and delighted to have "arrived", "emerged," but puzzled by the disbelief of my two young companions, whom I knew, but didn't seem to know me and treated me as an imposter.

"Imposter" was right. I felt like one and had to work hard to believe in my efforts, to bring the Doctor to life, again.

After a few days of struggle Ben and Polly arrived at rehearsal wearing t-shirts, which were emblazoned "Bring back Billy Hartnell." But it was Ben and Polly who saved me during those early weeks. They were wonderful. They even prevented me—on my first studio day—very forcefully, from wearing the beautiful red curly wig that BBC make-up had made for me. "You look like Harpo Marx, we're not going on if you wear that!", they said. And, of course, I didn't. (It's interesting to note that both Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker adopted the Harpo Marx hairdo and how about that young man, Colin Baker?)

It's all so long ago now...or is it? I wonder. Doing the "Two

Doctors" with Frazer Hines (Jamie) recently, one felt the years literally fall away. We picked up exactly where we left off all those years ago after "The War Games" staggered to its end. Wendy, Frazer and I had dreadful giggles all through "The War Games." It was fatigue really. Three years of a show every Saturday of the year was beginning to tell. And, when you're tired, you get the giggles—at least I do. I don't remember if it actually showed on the screen.

But back to my beginnings...once I had been contracted to play the part, it had to be decided—by Producer Innes Lloyd, Director Chris Barry, the script writer and myself—how the part would be played. A script had already been written for me as the Doctor, but on reading it I was appalled to see I never stopped talking from beginning to end! And talking in a clever, clever, pendantic sort of intellectual way, like a garrulous Sherlock Holmes! This, I knew at once, would never do for me. It would be incredibly boring for a start and a monstrous task to learn so much in two and one-half days—week after week.

In my panic I resorted to cunning. I told them that I felt very strongly that the Doctor was essentially a listener who reacted to everyone else's chatter...but kept pretty quiet himself and even seemed a bit stupid—but was working out solutions in his head even so.

At this crisis moment for me, Sydney Newman unwittingly came to my rescue (he was Head of Drama). He came in, said he wanted a Chaplin-type of character—a sort of cosmic hobo! This exactly fitted my cunning ruse of having him more of a listener reacting off people rather than a talker and it had the added attraction of the chance to be funny with it—instead of boring. So I jumped at his idea. Playing the part this way meant the existing script had to be rewritten to suit the new idea, which was exactly what I wanted to happen. I breathed a sigh of relief!

From then on it was fair sailing from the acting point of view. I could produce the character okay and the script editor and writers knew the sort of character to write for—it was just a professional job. The difficulty was in selling to the audience the idea that I was still **Doctor Who**, but different! You see, the BBC could have decided to engage me to copy, to imitate Billy, in the way that Dicky Hurndall was asked to imitate Billy Hartnell in "The Five Doctors." That would have been one way of keeping the show going. However, they chose the other way, "rejuvenation," which I think was much more exciting and bold. But attended by the risk that the audience simply wouldn't accept it. They bloody nearly didn't!

Slowly, however, the ratings climbed up again. I gradually modified the more extravagant and "over the top" style I'd begun with and settled down to a more relaxed, subtler approach; the clowning continuing, but more within than without. And, the audience began to warm to me—to my great joy.

"Who" and I are still together as I watch young Colin doing such a marvelous job with his "aspect" of our "whole person," but it's my grandchildren who are watching now. Amazing really!

I began, all those years ago, by being a fan of **Doctor Who**. Now, here I am, 23 years later, writing this for other fans, thousands of miles away, in America, regularly flying back and forth to visit them. Truly, "Who" and I are still around!

The recent "Two Doctors," thanks to John Nathan-Turner, was a wonderful journey back in Time for Frazer and me, or was it forward in Time? Perhaps it was sideways. Perhaps future adventures are to come—in the past—for "Who and I."

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WHO'S COMPANIONS



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Historically, the Doctor's companions have been used as someone the Doctor needs to save, at least one time per story. Certainly, most of his female companions have been cute little things, somewhat helpless, with great screaming abilities. Although Sarah Jane Smith was more "liberated" and self-sufficient than her predecessors, her character was cut from the same mold. However, Sarah was the "leading away" from the Doctor's traditional assistant.

On the first day of January, 1977, a new type of companion was introduced to the British public. Louise Jameson was cast as Leela by the Who team, headed by Producer Philip Hinchcliffe and Script Editor Robert Holmes. A savage huntress and warrior of the Sevateem tribe, Leela soon became one of the most unique companions ever to appear on **Doctor Who**. From her very first story, "The Face of Evil," (written by Chris Boucher and directed by Pennant Roberts) it was apparent that she would indeed be a new type of companion for the Doctor.

Although Leela appeared in only nine stories (forty episodes), she left an enormous impact on the viewing audience and set a precedent for future companions. From the moment she stepped aboard the TARDIS, the Doctor's life would never be the same. For the first time, the Doctor's assistant's creed was the survival of the fittest—the end justified the means. Her savage background, in fact, would actually lead her to "kill" if necessary! In many instances, she would not only prove a worthy companion, but often carried the situation herself. In perhaps the weakest of all the "Leela" adventures, "Horror of Fang Rock," it was Leela who really livened the pace of the story.

While Leela was always seemingly at the Doctor's rescue, she shined her brightest in her final story, "Invasion of Time." She not only showed she could endure even the toughest of situations (the cruel exterior of Capitol City with the Shobogans), but her faith in the Doctor never seemed to falter. Ultimately, it was her faith, perseverance and cunning skills that assisted in Gallifrey's safety. In the end, Leela even showed a tender side of her character as she fell in love with Andred and stayed on the Doctor's home planet, evidently to marry.

It's worth mentioning that during the "Leela Era," another very popular companion was introduced, K-9. As you may remember, he was introduced during Leela's fifth story, "The Invisible Enemy." It's also rather ironic that K-9 Mark I was left on Gallifrey with Leela at the end of her final story, "The Invasion of Time." This broke up a team in **Doctor Who** perhaps never to be rivaled again in popularity.

All in all, Leela turned out to be one of the most popular companions ever to play on the **Doctor Who** series. She blended with nearly all situations from savage huntress in loin cloth attire to a fashionable lady, in "Talons of Weng-Chiang." In nearly every episode, however, she more than carried her part in creating a wonderful companion as well as taking good care of the Doctor. Speaking for the American male **Doctor Who** population, she was one of the best ever and, we hope during next season's "Gallifrey stories," John Nathan-Turner will have the foresight to return her to the **Doctor Who** set. Perhaps it will be Leela who saves the Time-lords of Gallifrey and maybe the entire **Doctor Who** series. A "Gallifrey" story at the end of the season, that has the outside chance of being the end of the **Doctor Who** series, is indeed scary! It would certainly make all of us rest a little easier knowing Leela was there to protect the Doctor and WHO knows...

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Australian fan looking for a U.S. contact who has photos and/or Super 8, video or movies of U.S. Doctor Who conventions. I have every Doctor Who story shown on our ABC since 1982 and many Australian/U.K. Doctor Who interviews on Pal, VHS and Beta video tape. I'm 24 and willing to help anyone out who will help me. Please write to: Harold Achatz, 17 Albert Street, Warilla N.S.W., 2528 Australia.

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Twenty-four year old, female Whovian from Brooklyn, New York looking for pen pals. Write to Ellen Berger, 1722 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

DOCTOR WHO

FESTIVAL
and
EXHIBIT TOUR

Well, we finally did it. Our Doctor Who Festivals typically run very close to schedule, videos are crisp and beautiful, merchandise is great...even our autograph line problems seem to have disappeared. None of this held true in San Jose. We had a disaster!

From the very beginning, the San Jose show seemed doomed. The doors were supposed to open at eleven o'clock, however, the Civic Center hadn't even scheduled their staff to come in until eleven thirty. So right off the bat we were forty-five minutes off schedule. United Airlines was supposed to air freight our video projection unit into San Jose by eight o'clock (we had scheduled our first video, "The Two Doctors" starring Colin Baker and Patrick Troughton, to begin at one fifteen). We knew we were in trouble when our beautiful \$12,000 unit arrived at one thirty...in pieces! During the time when Paul tried to put it back together, John Nathan-Turner went out to answer questions from the (patient, so far) crowd. However, by three o'clock we knew we had to do something drastic. The crowd seemed to be getting edgy. Thank heavens we had an old pro with us, the incomparable Patrick Troughton.

As Patrick strolled in back stage, while we were frantically trying to fix the projector (with the sounds of foot stomping in the foreground), he looked up at us calmly and said, "Trouble, boys?" We told him, "Pat, these are good folks who paid good money to come here today. If nothing else goes right today, you have to go out there and give them their money's worth." A thoughtful look and then a reassuring reply, "No problem boys, give me five minutes." Words really can't describe what happened next. We introduced Mr. Troughton to the fans. After a few words, Patrick then proceeded to do a "strip-tease" act and change into his Doctor Who costume! (For you parents, don't worry, he did have his trousers on underneath). The impact was dazzling and the crowd went absolutely wild. So did we! He then sat down to a very personal and warm chat with the fans. Later, he told us that even though we had a rough time of it, he had never had a better time in his life, with the fans.

We finally were able to rent another video machine, but it wasn't nearly as good as ours. We could only show our videos in black and white (or blue and white or green and white or red and white). What a drag. Oh yes, we had also ordered approximately \$7,500 worth of books, games, calendars, mugs...everything. They finally showed up on Monday (one day AFTER the show)!

Almost anything that could have gone wrong, did. However, by the end of the show people were coming up to tell us what a good time they had. But it wasn't like our other Festivals have been. San Jose, we owe you one.

The night before San Jose, the Festival was in Portland. That show ran smooth as silk even though the turnout was more than we expected (shoulder-to-shoulder, standing room only). A great bunch of folks and totally new faces for us. Travelling with us was fan and Doctor Who artist, Gail Bennett, which is always a nice bonus for the Festival. Talent and fans alike had a super time. Oh yes, the costumes in Portland were some of the best we had seen yet and there were lots of them.

After a bit of a layoff during the summer, we decided to try a completely untested Doctor Who market (untested, as in we only had 40-50 members!). We held a one-day show in Bellingham, Washington at the University of Western Washington. Much to our delight, nearly a thousand people showed up to see Nicholas Courtney (who is great to work with and super to the fans as well), our triple feature video presentation, etc. It was a wonderful new crowd of friends and we signed up around 400 new members. Bellingham...next time, the Doctor.

Hope you can make it to the Festival somewhere, sometime. It's been a lot of fun for us and, by the energy and feedback we receive, it's been great for the fans and celebrities alike.

See you there...

SEE PAGE 30 FOR DOCTOR WHO FESTIVAL DATES.

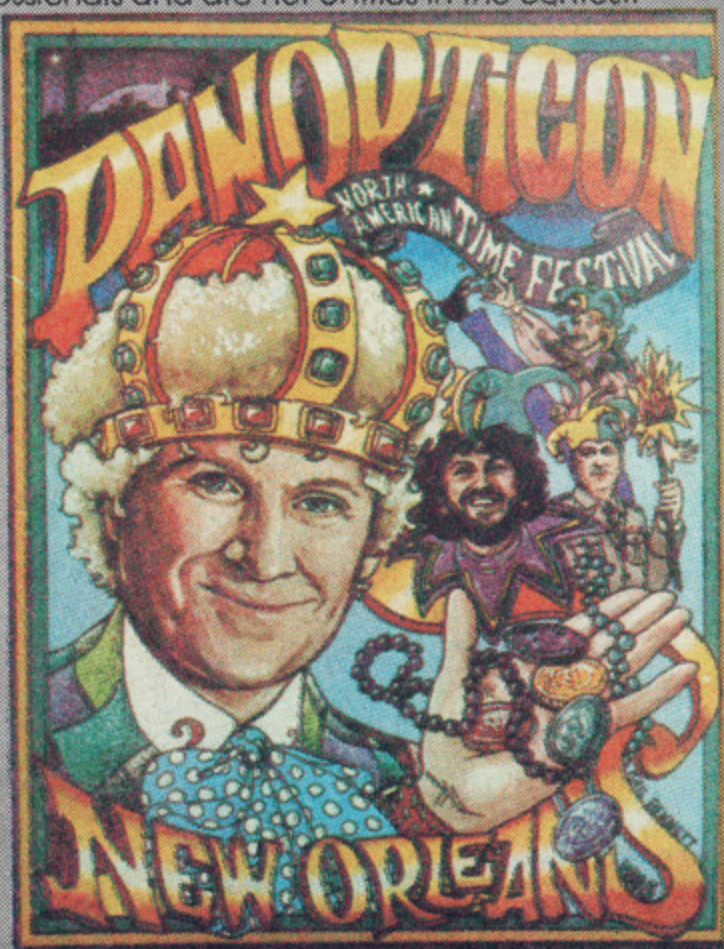
Patrick Troughton REGENERATION The Doctor



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Although there was no category for professional or convention art, we thought we would present a couple of the better pieces of American work.

Please do not vote on these two pieces as they are done by professionals and are not entries in the contest.



Noted American Doctor Who Artist Gail Bennett has done illustrations for the Doctor Who Cookbook (Gary Downey, author). She also has an entire line of art cards, usually sold at conventions. Gail did this piece for this year's Panopticon Time Festival Program.

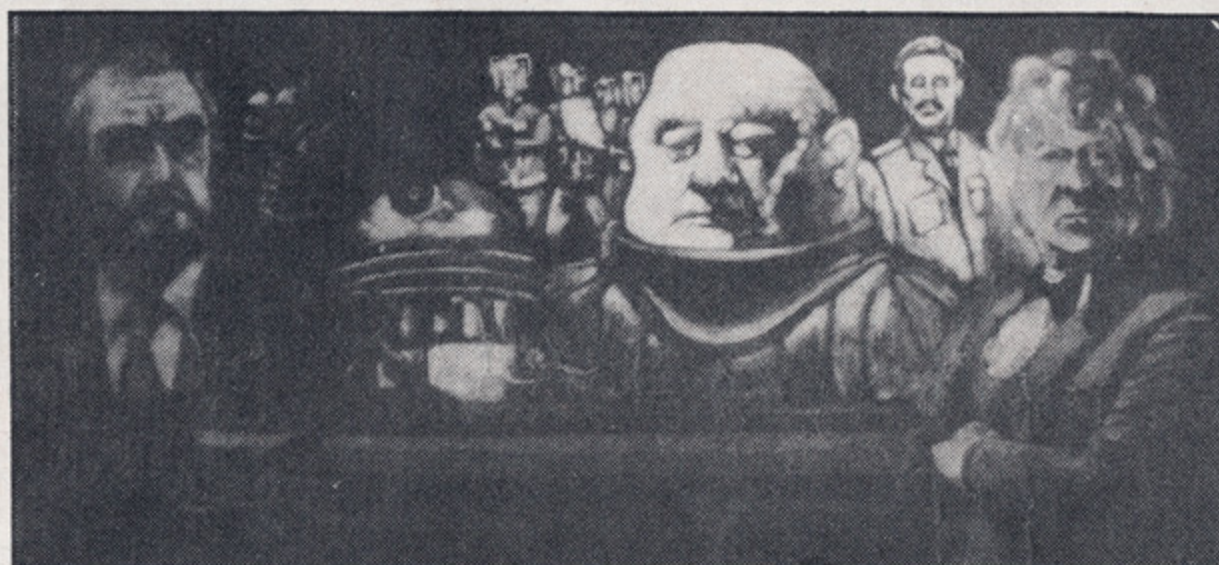


Debra Colburn Rouen created this portrait of Tom Baker with pastels. Tom is perhaps the hardest of all the Doctors to capture, however, we feel Debbie has done the finest job we have ever seen. There is a limited edition of this piece available.



Robert Ito
Pen & Ink
Doctor and Sarah
"The Black Beast"
Category III

ART



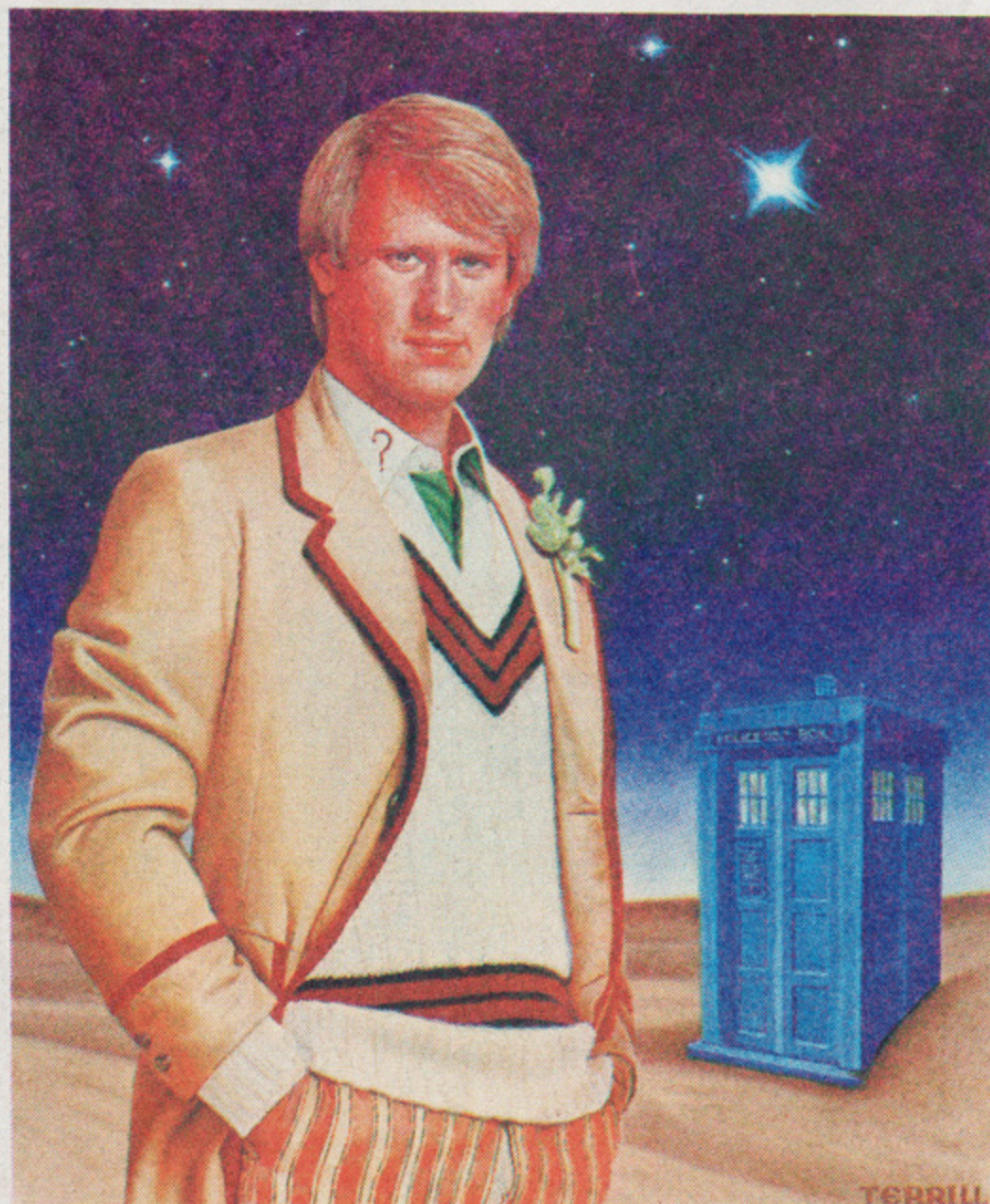
Sandra Shave
Pen, Ink & Watercolor
Doctor Frog (Creator)
Category III

Mark Selewacz
Oil on Canvas
Images of Pertwee Era
Category III

Vitaly Sabsay
Pen & Ink
Doctor IV
Category III



Vitaly Sabsay
Pen & Ink
Doctor I
Category III



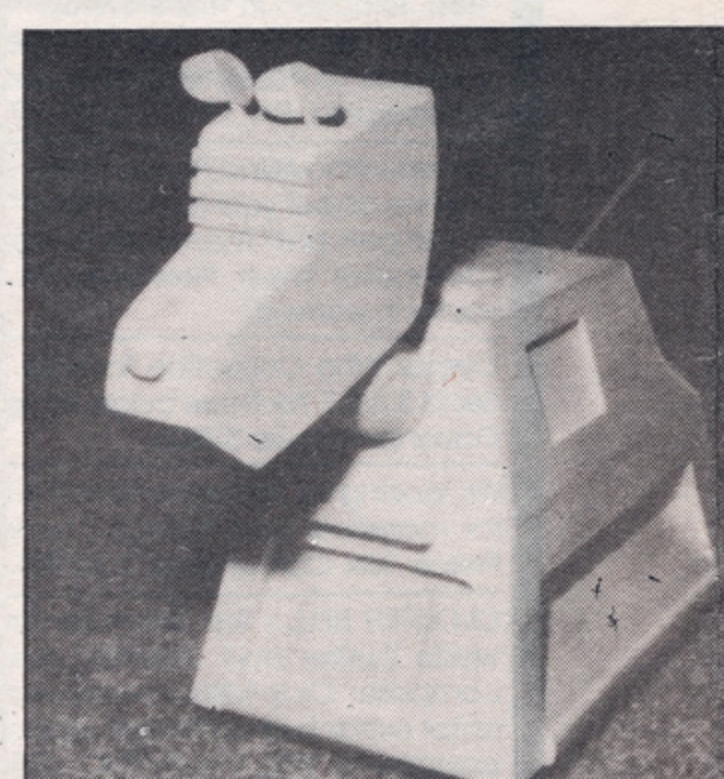
Eddie Terrill
Oil Painting (24" x 30")
The Fifth Doctor
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Michael Dorweiler
Pen & Ink
"Vernal Equinox"
Category III



Charly Hoge
Pen & Ink
Teraliptel
Category II



Robert Ito
Balsa Wood Model
K-9
Category III



Jennifer Outlaw
Pen & Ink
Turlough
Category III



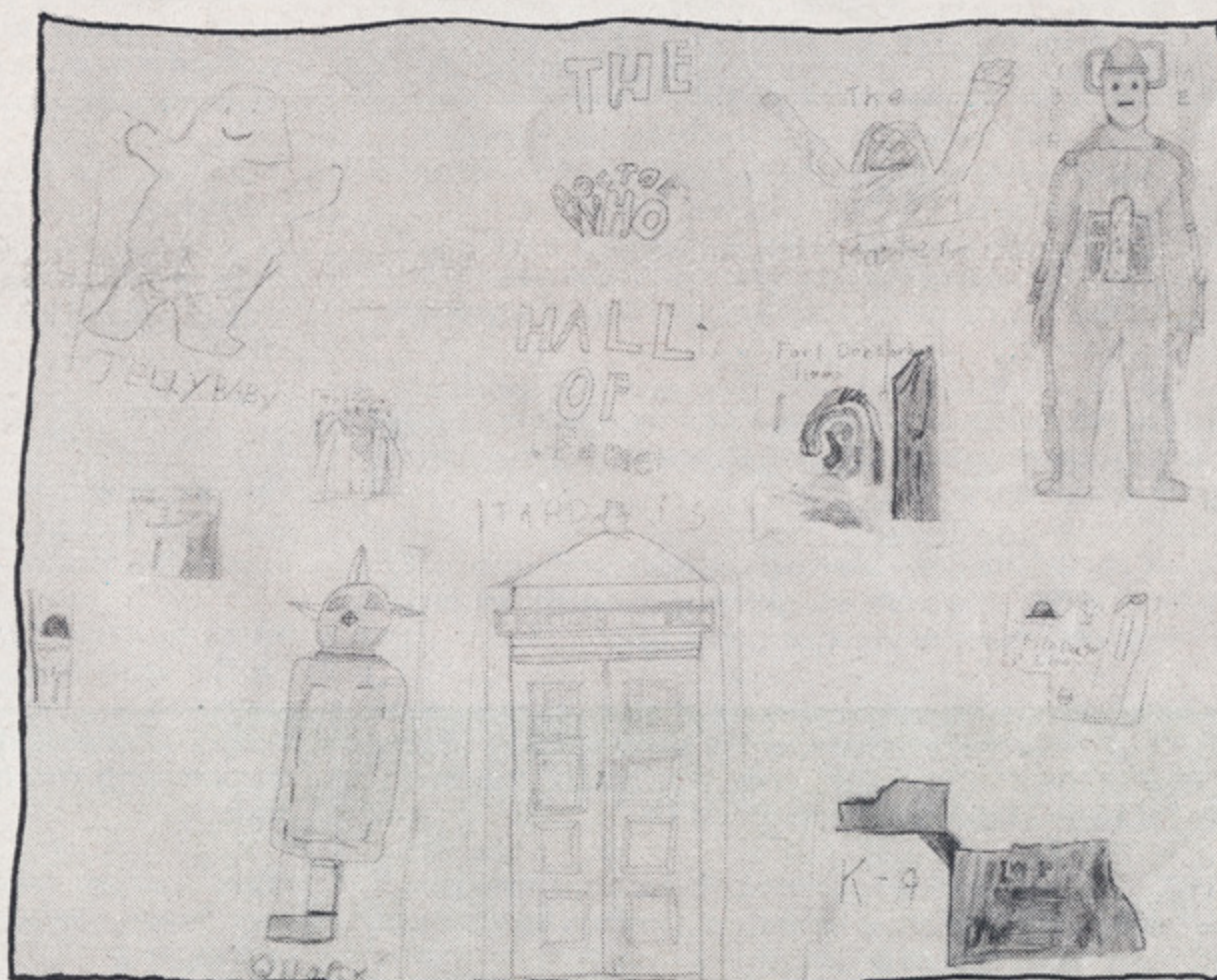
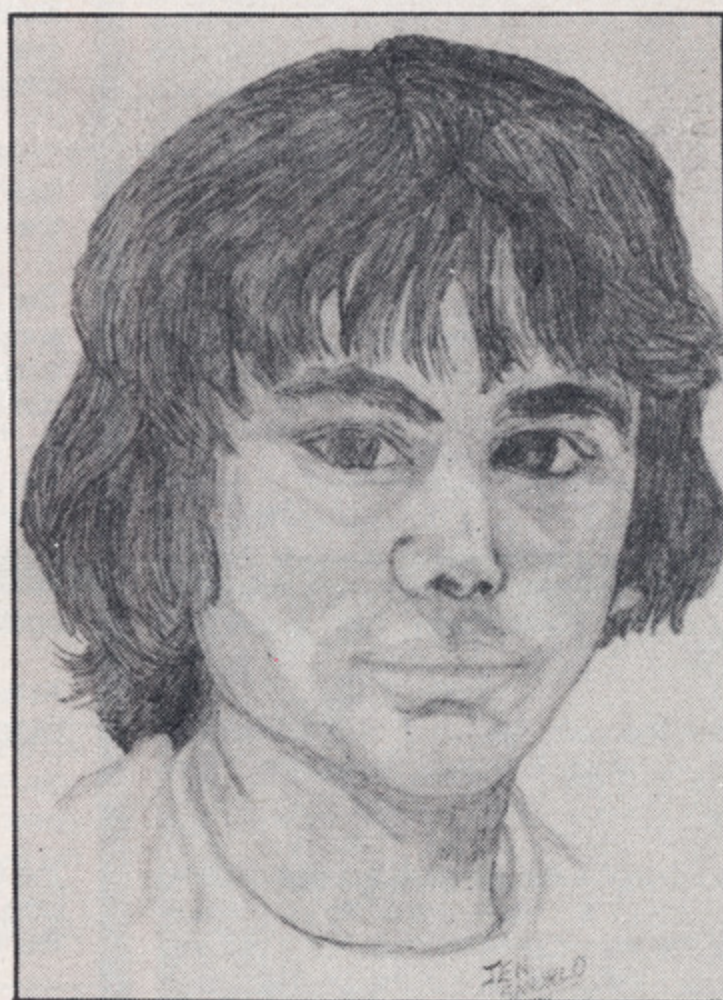
Robert Ito
Pen & Ink
Doctor, Romana II & K-9
Category III

CONTEST

Mariann Jorgensen
Pen & Ink
Doctor and Tegan
Category III



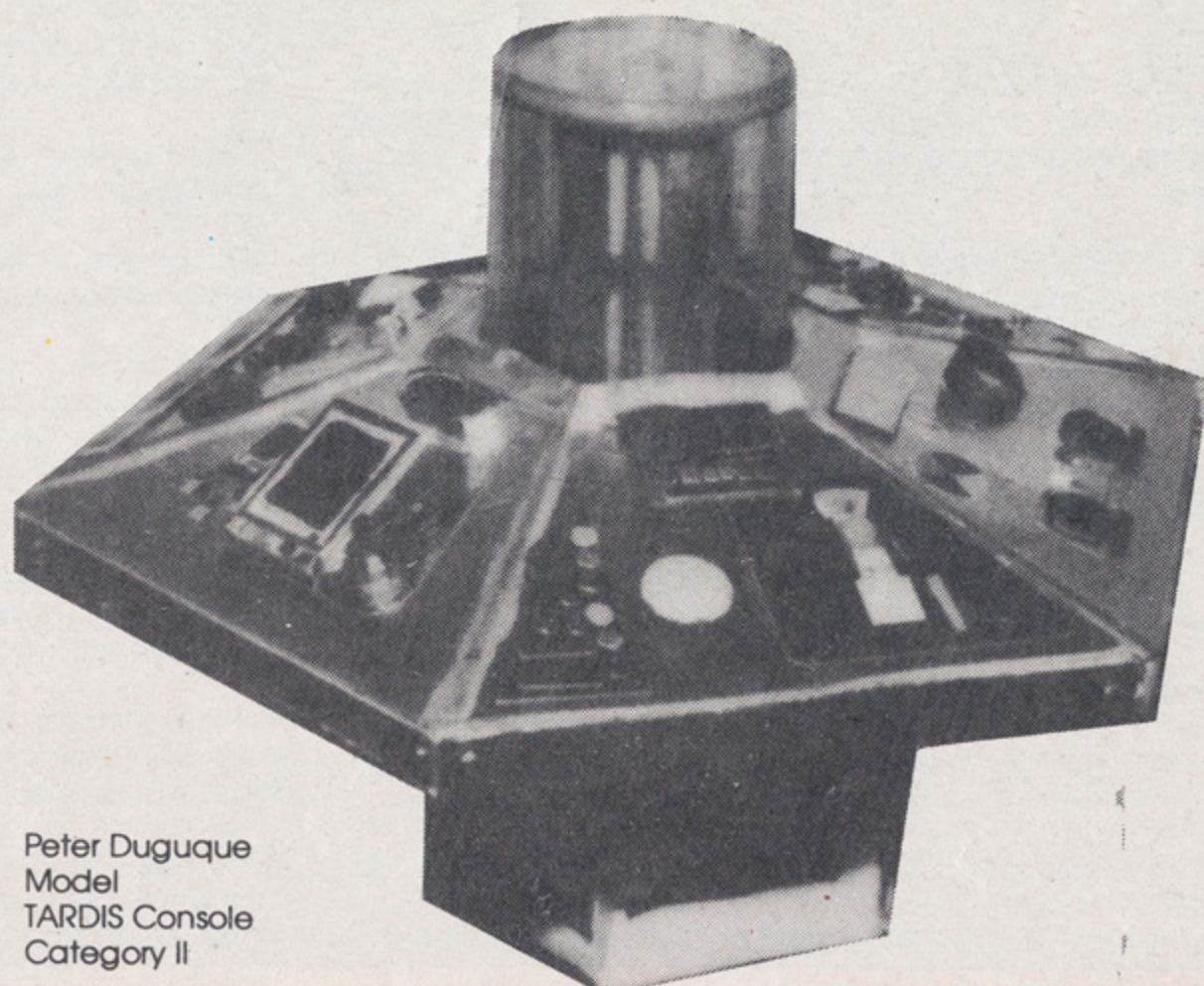
Jennifer Dmuro
Pencil Drawing of Adric
Category II



Brynn Leigh Sorenson
Pencil
Category I



Don Peppler
Painted Sculpture (miniatures)
Five Doctors
Category III



Peter Duguque
Model
TARDIS Console
Category II

When we introduced our short story contest, we had no idea how well it would be received. Not only did we misjudge the response, but we had no idea how long it would take the five of us to read all those stories! Wow... Well, read them we did, although some cheated on the length of their stories. As Doctor Dave mentioned in "Who's Corner," we felt we should let you read the best of the entries and judge for yourself. Simply pick your choices (one each) from Category I, II and III, jot them down on a postcard and mail them in.

We would like to thank all of the entrants for their efforts. Really, it was very difficult to settle on the following selections. Perhaps some of the non-finalists will see their stories published in future editions of the Times. There are certainly some good ones that are not included in this double issue. Again, many thanks to all concerned and congratulations to our finalists.

* Please note: we judged on content, originality and the excitement of each story. Also keep in mind that Category I is composed of entrants twelve years and under, Category II is for writers thirteen to seventeen and Category III for those from eighteen to 750 years old.

The same goes for the art contest. Again, send in your votes as soon as possible, we'll announce winners in Volume Fourteen.

THE GALLIFREYAN REVOLUTION

David Booth

Category 1

"Hello...Ah! I am coming to you live from the Panopticon, where I will be interviewing one of the Prydonians, in just a few short moments. He has adopted the ruling name of Prancilon, though his real name is..." said a small plump figure standing next to the man who had interrupted him—a white haired man with a faintly arrogant way about him.

"Just get on with it, Runcible. I don't have all day, you know," said the Prydonian, in his resplendent orange and scarlet robe. He looked quite bored with Runcible, but thought he was a necessary evil.

"Uh, yes, uh, sir," Runcible seemed quite uncomfortable. "On the issue today, the vote on granting presidential emergency powers, how are you going to vote?"

"I haven't heard the case for and against yet, idiot. If you're not going to ask me any intelligent questions, then I'll get to my seat in the council, now." With that remark, the Prydonian, robes swirling around him, strode off.

The vote in the council was on a particularly important matter. These were not good times on Gallifrey, even for a renowned time capsule engineer, like Prancilon.

The Timelords, the ruling elite of Gallifrey, were not elected. Generally speaking, anyone who could graduate from the academy became a Timelord (Prancilon squeaked through). Everyone else serves them as technicians and guards.

To be accepted into the academy required not just a good mind; it was an unwritten rule that you had to be from a Timelord family of good standing. Prancilon, needless to say, was.

As the President and the High Council entered the Panopticon, things quieted down. The President, Pandak the Third, in his nine hundredth year of the presidency, rose (perhaps a little shakily) and began to speak, "Timelords of Gallifrey, today we are faced with a serious threat. Due to our code of non-interference, as well as our recent restrictions on bestowing the mantle of Timelord status, the people of Gallifrey, ah, seem to be, well, threatening to strike, and possibly revolt!"

At that point in his speech, he was drowned out by the sudden hubbub his last remark had caused. Prancilon rose.

"Gentlemen, as I am sure you know, I disagree strongly with the non-interference code. Also, the restrictions on Timelordship are strongly objectionable to me. All the people want is a democratic gover..."

"Silence!" said Pandak, "Prancilon, am I to understand you side with the so-called liberation? I warn you, that is highly subversive." The last was said in an authoritatively warning

tone.

The vote went toward suppressing the rebels by almost a unanimous vote. Only Prancilon voted against it.

Later that evening, while watching the Public Record Video, he saw an interesting report. One of the Type 40 capsules had crash landed with chameleon circuits and navigational systems badly damaged. They would start repairs in three weeks.

The screen beeped, indicating a message was coming through. He keyed it on. "Prancilon," the computerized voice said, "you have officially received your doctorate. Congratulations. Out."

Prancilon was stunned. He hadn't thought he was going to make it. His schoolmate, Drax, had not made his doctorate, though Melsa...no, no, he adopted a title. Now what was it? Ah, yes, the Master.

Well, thought Prancilon, I might as well adopt a title as well. "Records computer. Key in title for Prancilon, academy name Theta Sigma."

"WORKING," the computer clicked and buzzed, "IDENTITY ACCEPTED. QUERY: WHAT WILL NEW TITLE BE?"

Prancilon answered, "The Doctor!"

Early the next day, the Doctor (Prancilon) was called once again. This time by the revolutionaries, though. A distinguished looking figure appeared on the screen.

"Prancilon, we heard that you were the only Timelord to support our cause, and we were wondering if you would be willing to take a more active role in the Revolution."

"I've adopted a title," began the Doctor, somewhat arrogantly, "please call me the Doctor. Second of all, I do not support a revolution, I support peaceful talks and lobbying. Violence is for incompetent ninnies!"

With that, the Doctor shut off his communicator. He was beginning to get worried. For many years Gallifrey had been boring, with hardly anything happening. Now, for the first time since practically Rassilon's time, Gallifreyans were actually doing things. For the first time in his life the Doctor felt alive.

The Doctor was striding quickly to a meeting he had managed to arrange between Pandak and the revolutionary leader, the Master.

When he arrived at the meeting place Pandak and the Master were already arguing. "If you don't agree to our demands we shall use force. I have developed a device called a Tissue Compression Eliminator. It shrinks people by compressing their atoms. It also kills them," the Master was saying.

"How dare you threaten the Lord President of Gallifrey! You aren't even a Timelord! You're just a technical nobody!" Pandak replied.

Oh great, thought the Doctor, we haven't even started and they are already at it. "Pandak, Master, listen to yourselves. You're acting like little children. Compromise, don't yell. We are supposedly the most intelligent race in the Universe, and we can not even solve a simple little worker dispute?" The Doctor said this in the tone he would later use on many of his companions, when they acted idiotic.

"Well, Prancilon," began the Master, ("Doctor, please.") "you have given me a golden opportunity to win this Revolution once and for all." The Master drew a small tubular device out of his pocket, which he aimed at the President. "Surrender to my demands, or I will kill you!"

Damn, damn, damn, this is not going well at all. He reached around to grab the device from the Master, but a moment too late. The President glowed for a moment, and then began to shrink. He screamed in agony, until he no longer could even scream, the pain was so awful.

"You just killed the President of Gallifrey in cold blood!" said the Doctor. "I hope you realize what you've done, Master," said the Doctor in a highly accusatory tone.

"Oh, yes Doctor, this is only the beginning. In time, Gallifrey will have fallen to me, and I shall be Lord President, the true Master of time and space, not merely a technical nobody!"

He's mad, thought the Doctor, totally mad. If I don't stop him, the whole Universe will regret it! A madman ruling the Universe. I must stop it before its too late.

Yet on the periphery of his mind, he was hoping the struggle would last forever. This was the first time he had ever done anything worthwhile!

"Susan, Susan," a voice was yelling from the small room. "Susan, where are you?" The owner of the voice was a tallish female, with a slightly alien look to her face.

"Yes, mother, what do you want? I'm busy studying my notes on time travel theory, so make it kinda fast," said a young girl, who was almost an identical (if younger) version of the other woman.

As she came down the steps, she saw her mother, her father and her grandfather all talking. They looked extremely grave.

"I will have to support the regime in power, of course, but I should be able to get a compromise. The problem is that you are now in extreme danger, since I am a target of both the Timelords, and the revolutionaries. I am especially afraid for you, Susan," her grandfather had seen her, "as they might use you to bring pressure to bear on me."

The Doctor had figured on a plan to deal with this major setback, but it was dependent on Susan's parents agreeing to it, even if he was Susan's grandfather.

"Get into the time capsule. You'll be safe in here until all this blows over," the Doctor was saying as he pushed her into the time capsule which had crashed yesterday. No one could get into a capsule without the proper locks, and besides the Type 40 was large enough to hide in forever, even from Timelords.

"A Time and Relative Dimensions in Space vehicle. What a dull name. I am going to call it the TARDIS!" said Susan, somewhat emotionally. The last few hours had been odd, to say the least, and this was a relatively harmless way for her to blow off steam.

The door closed behind her, and the Doctor began to leave the repair area when two guards came in. "What do you think you're up to? Not thinking of running off with a time capsule, I hope," said one of the guards in a somewhat belligerent tone.

TARDIS, thought the Doctor to himself. An idea struck. It was heinous and totally unheard of, only obvious criminals like the Master ever tried things like this; he'd resist arrest!

The two guards moved in to grab the Doctor when he suddenly ducked, and ran out of the time capsule repair area. As he ran toward the gravi-lift, the thought that TARDIS did have a sort of ring struck him quite suddenly.

The Doctor got into the lift and set it for level 666. For a moment he was afraid the guards would shut off the lift power, when he suddenly realized that for thousands of years the guards had been as ornamental as Timelord costumes.

As he stepped out of the lift, he had a fleeting impression of a black goatee before he was knocked out cold.

The Doctor slowly recovered from the blow. "Out of the frying pan and into the fire" went that Earth proverb, circa 1800's. The Master's revolutionaries had captured him!

He should have realized that the Master's sense of humor, so similar to his, would lead them both to level 666—the number of the beast!

"Well, my dear Pran...excuse me, my dear Doctor," began the Master in a fastidious tone, "it appears that I have captured a most valuable prisoner. Would you like something to eat? After all, you seem to have napped for nearly an hour."

Oh, great, thought the Doctor, an hour! God only knows what could have happened in that amount of time! Bluff it out. "Yes, I am rather hungry. Do you realize that the Timelords want to catch me as well, now?"

The Master looked angry for a moment, then he suddenly chuckled. This laugh would later become one of the Master's infamous traits, and the Doctor, hearing it for the first time, shuddered.

"Well then, Doctor, perhaps you should help me. You could become Castellan, or even Chancellor, if you play your cards right." The Master, it appeared, intended to get use out of the Doctor, even if he was not going to be a valuable prisoner.

"You have proven to be quite able, unlike nearly everyone else on Gallifrey. Will you join me, Doctor?"



The Doctor thought it over carefully. The struggle had caused the Master to go totally insane, it seemed. The Master had become a megalomaniac! He had not even begun fighting yet, and he was convinced that the opposition was on the brink of surrendering.

If he could just get out of these bonds, then he could do something. Stall him, then. "All right, I'll join you. I like to be on the winning side, after all. Untie me, please."

The Master bowed slightly, and cut him loose. As soon as his hand was free, he knocked the Master in the stomach with his elbow. Then he chopped him on the back as he doubled over from the shock.

Then the Doctor tied him up, with the string used on him, and said, "Well, my dear Master," in a mocking tone, "it seems as if I have captured a most valuable prisoner. Bye bye and pleasant dreams."

The Doctor left at top speed toward the lift.

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"The Council of Timelords will now come to order!" said the voice of the Chancellor, now Lord High President of Gallifrey. "We have three things on our agenda this morning. First of all, the new Constitution needs to be drafted. Requests have been given due consideration by the High Council, and we have drafted a rough, hopefully to be approved of by both the Timelord Council and the Revolutionary Council."

In the end, the Constitution ended up with the following articles: The President is still to be picked by the incumbent, but the High Council must approve by a majority vote. The High Council is to consist of six members: The Lord President, two appointees (Chancellor and Castellan) and three members elected by the council. To become a full Timelord, it is necessary to graduate from the academy. All people may enter the academy, etc., etc., etc. It wasn't the greatest Constitution the world had ever seen, but it had the old one beat by a mile.

One of the things that the Constitution radically altered was the non-interference directive. A certain Prydonian had suggested the creation of the CIA, Celestial Intervention Agency, and the momentum of change had enabled it to get passed along with all the rest, though that Prydonian might later come to regret suggesting that particular organization.

"On to our next order of business: the trial of the Master. He is to be tried for killing the President, not to mention many other Gallifreyans, in a most horrible manner. He incited many riots in a most unlawful manner. Oh, yes, and he abducted the Doctor."

The Master appeared visibly shaken by the turn events had taken. It seemed that his megalomania had turned into manic depression. "Yes, I committed all those crimes, but it was necessary! None of this would have happened if I had not done it. No new Constitution, no rights for the common people. Nothing!" proclaimed the Master in an overpowering voice.

"This court does hereby proclaim the Master guilty as charged, and sentences him to life in prison. He will be granted the possibility of parole in three hundred years, as the court acknowledges possible truth in what the Master has said...."

What a crock, thought the Doctor. He is going to be free in three hundred years, and then he'll probably stoop to stealing a TARDIS as well, the horrid man that he is. A sudden announcement broke into the Doctor's reverie.

"For our third and final order of business we will be trying the Doctor on charges of complicity to murder, resisting arrest, and assault on a citizen."

The President said, "The Doctor, alias Prancilon, alias Theta

Sigma, with the real name of..." He was interrupted as the Doctor said, in a disgusted tone, that he knew all that already and could we please get on with it?

"I am innocent of complicity to murder. Yes, I organized the meeting, but I had nothing to do with the murder, in fact I tried to stop the Master. Yes, I resisted arrest, but I had to, or I never would have caught the Master. Well, of course, I assaulted the man, he had captured me and I was trying to escape!"

The President then said, seemingly addressing the Doctor, but actually addressing the council, "You have admitted to all the charges save complicity to murder, yet you claim to be innocent. As the Master did, you claim your actions were 'necessary,' I say, too, that you have perjured this council by saying the words 'not guilty!'" The sudden uproar this produced cut off the rest of the President's speech, from all but the Doctor, who shuddered when he heard the rest of it.

The council took a vote, and ruled him guilty, by a vote of 124 voting guilty, to 108 voting innocent. Due to this narrow vote, the Doctor was sentenced to 250 years in prison, with a possibility of parole in 100 years.

Not too surprisingly, the Doctor felt extremely depressed on hearing this verdict. It was not a whole lot of his life, but 100 years is a long time, even for a Timelord. He would be sent to Shada, and even if he received parole, he would be shunned for the rest of his life. It was a horrible fate.

Still, reflected the Doctor, he had actually done something worthwhile and exciting. During the last several days he had had the most fun of his entire 400 years. It was a pity that it was going to end this way, with imprisonment on Shada. Was it worth it, he wondered?

The guards arrived to escort the Doctor and the Master off. "If you had joined me, Doctor, we wouldn't be preparing to ship off to Shada for a couple of hundred years. I hope this has satisfied your morals!" the Master said contemptuously.

They led the Master away to another area. As he passed by the time capsule repair area, a wild idea hit. This idea was a rerun of another idea, but it just might work.

The Doctor ripped his arms from the two guards, bellowed "Hail!" and chopped them both unconscious. Suddenly, the Doctor felt great again. And the answer to his unspoken question suddenly occurred to him: it sure was worth it!

Various alarms began to ring, and the intercom notified the guards that the Doctor had escaped. The Doctor ran over to the time capsule (TARDIS, he mentally corrected himself), and quickly got in. He set some coordinates for one of his favorite planets: Earth, of the late 1800's.

As the TARDIS dematerialized, the Doctor breathed a sigh of relief. He had escaped from the Timelords, and by the time they got organized, he would be long gone. Earth! He rubbed his hands in anticipation. He had always wanted to visit that watery world, but had never quite gotten the time. Well, here was his chance!

A while later, after the Doctor had changed to what he thought would be appropriate dress—a Victorian looking outfit, he went back to the console room, only to hear a noise inside.

He cautiously opened the door and peeked inside. "Susan! What are you doing in here!" exclaimed the Doctor, who was almost paralyzed by the realization of who was with him.

"Grandfather, what happened? Why are we moving?" asked Susan in a frightened manner.

"Well, it's a somewhat long story, concerning my being exiled to Shada, but you are going right home, Susan," said the Doctor in a dictatorial tone.

"Let me travel with you. If you go back, we'll both get sent to Shada! Please, Grandfather, don't let them take me to Shada!" This, thought Susan, ought to convince her Grandfather, who had a notoriously weak spot for her.

Unseen, the navigational readout said, "1963::England::Earth: Sol"

"For now. When this blows over, its straight back to Gallifrey for you!" said the Doctor. "Prepare to materialize."

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In the middle of an old junkyard, a peculiar wheezing, groaning noise filled the air. Slowly, a blue box with the lettering "Police Call Box" appeared, apparently from nowhere.

The gate, which was partially ajar said "I.M. Foreman, Scrap Merchant 76 Totters Lane."

The rest is history.

GALLIMAUFRY

Stan Timmons

CATEGORY 3

Nyssa had seen it all before: the TARDIS would set down at the wrong coordinates, the Doctor would grandly proclaim it was Heathrow and the doors would open to some fantastic new adventure. Still, she had to admit, even if it wasn't Heathrow (and it wasn't), it was certainly the most beautiful place they had seen in their wanderings; neatly ordered rows of flowers stretched away as far as the eye could see in any direction, marching up the gentle hills like soldiers, cascading down to the other side of the waterfall, and all under a sky so pure it looked as if it had been colored with a child's crayon.

"This isn't Heathrow!" Tegan exclaimed in her high, Australian voice; Nyssa silently mouthed the rest of the exchange with her, "It's probably not even Earth!" At this, the Doctor became defensive. It was just a question now of when the inevitable menace would appear over the horizon.

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She knelt beside one of the flowers which had been following her every movement like a satellite tracking dish. "Some kind of flytrap," she wondered, "sensitive to heat or motion?" She leaned in a little closer, for there was something gleaming inside its pistil, something that could only be metal. "Nyssa!" she heard the Doctor shouting from across the field. "Don't touch anything until we know!" She had turned her head slightly at the sound of his voice, and as she did, the flower dusted her face with a dense cloud of pollen. Her lungs seemed to freeze in her chest; unable to breathe, her eyes grew wide but her world was getting darker. It seemed ludicrous—almost funny—to think that after all the galaxy-shaking threats she and the crew of the TARDIS had survived that she was going to be killed by a flower.

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Nyssa jerked awake in bed, gasping for her breath, slowly calming as she realized she wasn't choking, that everything was fine. Tegan, her roommate, slept on in her own bed, unaware of Nyssa's nightmare. She studied the pennant hanging reassuringly on the wall of the dorm room: "Gallimaufry U." Smiling, she drifted easily into sleep once more.

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The Doctor sipped his steaming tea at the kitchen table. His dog, a black and white terrier named Grimwade, was begging for scraps of the Doctor's breakfast. He scowled, disapproving of Grimwade's bad manners, then slipped him a piece of bacon. "Just don't tell Mrs. Bates," he warned the dog. A car horn sounded outside on the quiet street. The Doctor hurriedly drank his tea, set the mug in the sink and bustled out, gathering up his briefcase and papers and slipping into his greatcoat, all at the same time. "I'm leaving now, Mrs. Bates," he called to his housekeeper.

The Doctor's house was a beautiful two story Tudor that sat well back from the street in this shady, tree-lined neighborhood. "Morning Turlough," he said brightly as he slid into the passenger's seat. Turlough grunted in reply and fed the engine more gas. As they made the long drive toward the University, they chatted amiably about several subjects, but Turlough seemed to have no real interest in any of them. Abruptly, he told the Doctor about his recurring dream that took place in a field of neatly ordered rows of flowers...

Turlough turned sharply into the parking space outside the Physics Hall, cutting the engine as the front wheels touched the parking curb. The Doctor glanced up at the Headmaster's office window that overlooked the parking lot, and as he did, he saw the curtain drop back into place. "Oh, my," he sighed to himself, "looks like the Head's got it in for me today."

He walked with Turlough into the vast building; although it was still early, the hallways were already teeming with students coming and going. Turlough, an assistant professor, hurried off to his class while the Doctor trotted down the long corridor to his own. He checked the clock: he would just make it...if he hadn't bumped into Nyssa coming from the opposite direction.

"Doctor," she said, sounding relieved, "I wonder if I might talk with you for a moment..."

"Well," he said, looking again at the clock, "a moment is about all I have. Is it about the unified field paper you're writing?"

"It's about a field of flowers," she answered, and the change of subjects lost the Doctor momentarily. She described a dream that was identical with Turlough's, save for the teller's perspective. The Doctor listened intently, time forgotten.

"That's really quite extraordinary, Nyssa," he said at length. "Do you know, Turlough was just telling me of a similar dream he's been having lately."

"But that's just it," she insisted. "It doesn't feel like a dream. It feels as if I'm trying to recall a submerged memory." The Doctor rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Tell me, Nyssa," he said suddenly, "how long have you been at the University? Don't think, just answer." She considered, her brow furrowing when she realized she didn't really know. "Exactly!" the Doctor said excitedly. "I've been having the oddest feeling myself that this is somehow...wrong...and this morning when I was looking through my syllabi, I found courses I have a memory of teaching, although I'm also quite convinced I didn't."

She looked at him as if he had taken utter leave of his senses. "Doctor...do you feel all right?"

"I feel fine," he said, offering a faint smile. "But I don't think this is my life. Think, Nyssa...how far back can you remember? What did you do before you came to the University? Think!" She flinched away from him. He forced calm through his body and into his voice. "Think, Nyssa, please," he said softly. "It's very important that you remember, if you can."

Of course she could remember a time before the University, she thought...of course...but she could not. It was like looking over the edge of an asteroid into endless darkness, a void.

"Doctor..." she gasped. "I can't remember!"

A clicking of heels as steady as machinegun fire was moving closer, and without looking, the Doctor knew it was the Head. "Haven't you a class you should be getting along to?" Nyssa looked at the Doctor, who managed a warm smile for her.

"You go along," he said softly. "I'll be all right." She glanced at the imposing figure of the Headmaster, dressed all in funeral black with features so sharp and Saturnine you could have cut paper with them, then hurried down the empty hall to her class.

"Is this what we're paying you for, Doctor? To chat up young ladies?" The Doctor didn't argue; what would have been the point? "Haven't you a class of your own...one that should be in session by now?" The Doctor agreed he did. "I'm scarcely surprised they've rejected your application for department head again, given your undisciplined behavior."

"Yes, of course, Headmaster," the Doctor agreed contritely, and added, almost as an afterthought, "Ah, Headmaster, I was wondering if you could tell me how long I've been with the University?"

The Headmaster's face drained of color and the muscles in his jaw worked tensely, but all he said was, "The question is, Doctor, how much longer will you be with the University? Good day." The Head turned smartly on his heel and clicked down the echoing corridor. "Yes," the Doctor said sotto voce, "that would have been my other question..." He shook his head, sighed, and opened the door to his class.

The day passed slowly, but it passed, with nothing of any event happening until one of the students asked the Doctor to clarify the equation $E=mc^2$. The Doctor said it was really quite simple, talking cheerily as he wrote the equation on the board. Only his hand fairly flew across the chalkboard as if it were automatic writing, possessed of spirit or demon, and when he had finished—much more than he had intended—he had written the first equation of time travel in Gallifreyan script. "I'm not feeling too well," he said thickly. "Class dismissed."

The class filed quietly and obediently out of the room. The Doctor slumped heavily into his chair, studying the equation on the board, chewing the knuckle of his thumb. There was something very familiar about the equation and the language in which it was written, and if he could only recognize what, he had a feeling a great many things would begin to make sense...

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...But that would not be allowed. The Doctor's unseen foe, clad in colorful mandarin silks, at once buffoonish and oddly regal, watched the Doctor's plight on a viewscreen. The man toggled a switch with a long, sinisterly curled fingernail and watched the Doctor's chin sink to his chest as he suddenly nodded off to sleep. The man pressed another button, and when the Doctor woke a few minutes later, he was standing once more in front of the class he had just dismissed, the troublesome equation erased from the board and his memory. "Good morning, class," he said brightly, but all day

long he had the strangest feeling of Deja Vu...

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Nyssa, with Tegan along as chaperone (as manners dictated), stopped by the Doctor's house that evening after dinner to apologize if she'd gotten the Doctor "in Dutch" with the Head. The Doctor, typically, dismissed it with an expansive wave of his hand, saying, "He seems to have it in for me no matter what I do, Nyssa; think nothing of it." He invited them into his house, and as she stepped across the threshold, Tegan remarked with awe, "Your house looks bigger on the inside than it does on the outside!"

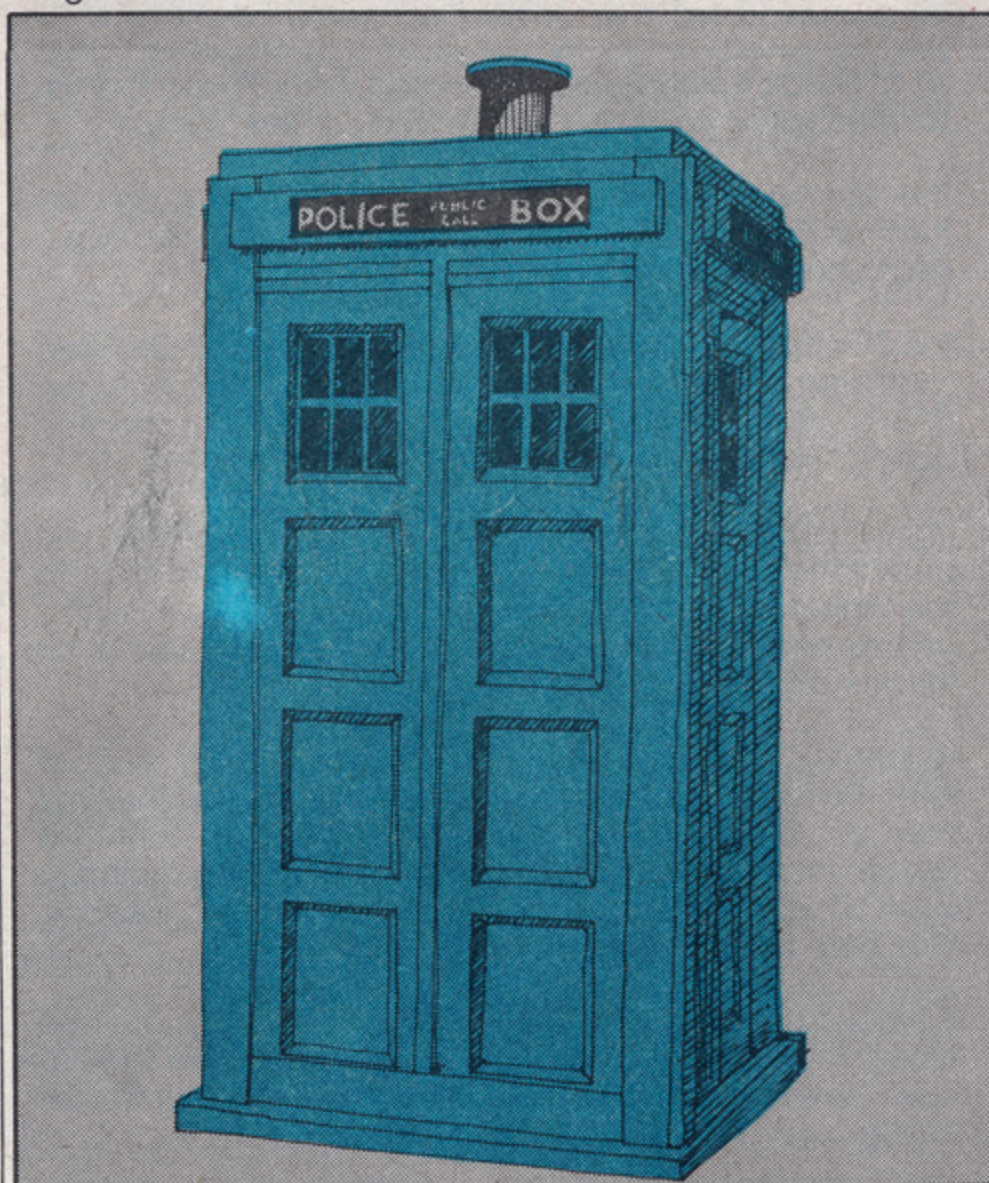
The Doctor looked around the big front room as if for the first time. "Does it? Yes, I suppose it does at that..."

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All over the campus, all of the students stood frozen in mid-stride, a laugh stitched on some faces, lips pursed to form words on others, books that were nothing but bound, blank pages tucked under their arms or into backpacks, like some ghastly cemetery where the bodies of the dead marked their own graves. Through this silent graveyard stalked the Headmaster. He bumped into a grinning female with shoulder length black hair, knocking her against her companion, who in turn fell stiffly into one of the professors bent over at the drinking fountain, and they all collapsed like dominoes. Impatiently, the Headmaster depressed a small stud hidden in the ornate gingerbread on his signet ring.

"He knows," the Head hissed into the ring. "Or suspects."

"You must be patient," replied a voice that purred with merriment and menace. "The Doctor will be broken yet; all playthings are eventually broken," he added with a wistful sigh.



"You've been saying that but it hasn't happened yet!" snapped the Headmaster. "When can I get out of this awful place? When can I get back to my own T..." A silver spike of agony suddenly appeared behind the Head's black eyes, twisting his face into an inhuman grimace. The pain slowly left him like water down a clogged drain, and when the pain had cleared enough that he was capable of thought once again, the Headmaster had to wonder if he wasn't as much a prisoner as was the Doctor.

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By now, Turlough had joined the Doctor for their regular evening of chess. Nyssa and Tegan had offered to go, but the Doctor insisted they stay and try to sort out their real pasts from false memories. "Like scraping away a layer of rust," said the Doctor, "exposing the bright shiny metal beneath."

Tegan, frustrated, by not being able to fully recall the truth and at how calmly the Doctor was taking it all, accidentally dropped her tea cup to the floor where it smashed into shrapnel. "It's all right," assured the Doctor, kneeling to gather the pieces. "Nothing irreplaceable, just a..." The Doctor's words caught in his throat, for he had deeply lacerated his palm and hadn't felt it. He plucked the piece of glass from his flesh and thick, black drops of "blood" dripped heavily to the floor. Nyssa was trying to bandage his wound, but the Doctor wouldn't let her. He ignored the gash and studied the "blood," pressing his fingers to it; he sniffed it, then finally tasted it. His boyish face soured like a child taking medicine.

"Doctor...?" Tegan and Nyssa asked in unison.

He looked up. "It isn't blood," he announced.

"What is it if it isn't blood?" asked Turlough. "Maple syrup?"

"Some kind of lubricant," he answered distractedly, studying the cut a little more closely. "It tastes rather like oil." A piece of flesh had been torn back like a flap of rubber. He tugged at the hanging skin before his startled companions could stop him, peeling the skin from his hand like you would a surgeon's glove.

"Oh my God!" Tegan gasped, looking away.

The Doctor had exposed a hand made of articulated wood and cables, and though he had expected many things, this was not one of them. He staggered to his feet and lurched out of the house and down the front walk, but the nightmare continued. The cool air did not help to clear his thoughts; if anything, it seemed to worsen his confusion. The darkness momentarily lifted when he saw a familiar, comforting shape at the end of the block; it was a battered blue police callbox. He sprinted for it, his relief swelling with each step.

"I've missed you old girl," he said softly, running his good hand over its rough surface. He smiled and threw open the door...and a policeman stepped out. The Doctor smiled sadly; it was just a callbox, after all, not the TAR....

As he thought that, he felt the ground trade places with the sky; his mind had closed up shop for the night.

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He'd been having the most extraordinary dream, that the TARDIS's Chameleon Circuit had, for once, worked, turning the TARDIS into a real callbox with a real policeman. He opened his eyes, a smile curling the corner of his mouth, but the smile quickly faded. He was in his bedroom, only it wasn't really his bedroom, it was the one in the dream, and the Headmaster was sitting in a chair at his bedside, shaking him roughly awake. The Doctor sat up with a start.

"Headmaster?"

The Headmaster looked at him with undisguised contempt. "Haven't you figured it out yet?"

"I believe I have...Master," the Doctor returned. "Somehow, you trapped us with a field full of plastic flowers—rather foolish of me not to recognize them right away as Auton constructs—and transferred our minds, with artificial memories, into these artificial bodies." He shivered uncomfortably as he recalled the jointed wooden hand he had uncovered. He looked at it, but the artificial flesh had been replaced while he slept.

The Master nodded slowly. "Very close, Doctor. I couldn't resist taunting you by playing the part of the Headmaster, but I'm afraid that only made your true memories surface. Now, however, I fear my partner in this venture has betrayed me."

"And who is your partner?" But he thought he already knew.

A voice that thundered like Armageddon shook the house; the Doctor sprang from the bed and threw open the window. He leaned out, and looming over the skyline of the peaceful town was the gigantic, leering face of the Celestial Toymaker. His huge voice boomed, "You disappoint me, Doctor! Who else but the Celestial Toymaker?"

"Wait!" cried the Master, crowding the Doctor aside at the window. "What about our agreement that you'd keep the Doctor helpless while I conquered the universe?"

"Oh, that," the Toymaker dismissed it easily. "I had my fingers crossed. Anyway, it occurred to me that it's my galaxy too, and I don't like the idea of serving under you any more than you like being one of my playthings."

"Then what is it you want of us, Toymaker?" the Doctor asked.

"Why, your TARDIS of course, Doctor. Quite a remarkable machine, really, considering I didn't build it. Oh, by the way, I've turned all of the toys in this town against you, so you'd better get moving. Of course, it's no problem if you're not fast enough; once they've annihilated your wooden bodies, I'll simply rebuild them and you can go through it all over again..."

The Master's face was a mixture of fear and anger. "I call upon you to honor our agreement!" But the Toymaker's giant image had already vanished.

"An illusion," the Doctor said, "like everything else has been." He turned from the window to the Master, who was cowering in the corner between the chest of drawers and the wall. "Well, come on!" snapped the Doctor, grabbing him roughly by the shoulder and pushing him out of the room. "We have to get moving and find my companions before the others do!"

The Master protested, suggesting it would be wiser to engineer their own escape. The Doctor ignored the remark and said, "You know how the mind transference occurred, you can tell me how to reverse it along the way. Now, come on!"

The Doctor's companions also heard the Toymaker's threat and had come for the Doctor, who was relieved to see they were unharmed. "We'd best keep to the alleys and the sides of houses," Tegan warned. "The streets are full of . . . whatever."

They ran, keeping to the shadows as much as possible, but they had to cross the town square, and in the center of the square a Dalek glided, its eye-stalk restless and searching. The Doctor and his companions pressed back against the blind side of the building. "Daleks? Here?" muttered the Master, leaning a little too far out around the corner of the building.

"Toy replicas I imagine," said the Doctor, "but probably no less deadly for it. Now, get back before it..." Too late!

The Dalek had indeed seen him and fired its weapon stalk; the Master was paralyzed with fear. Fortunately, the Doctor was able to pull him back just as the laser exploded against the wall. Using the dust the explosion had caused as cover, the Doctor and his companions made their escape.

In the relative safety of the Physics Hall, the Doctor examined the Master's signet ring. Outside, below the window, they could hear the voices of the "people" looking for them. The Master, sitting on the floor, started to look up over the window sill, then recalled the incident with the Dalek the last time he got curious, and suggested perhaps the Doctor would care to look. "I was there too," the Doctor replied stiffly, glancing up from the ring. He had opened it and spread out its clockwork guts on the workbench before him. The Master sighed and sat down beside the others on the floor. Nyssa could not bring herself to fully look at the Master, whose face still held too many of Tremas of Traken's features.

"Doctor," Tegan finally voiced what the others were feeling, "is it wise? Are you sure we can trust the Master?"

"No," the Doctor snapped irritably. "No, it isn't wise and no, we can't trust him, but it's our best hope so far, unless you have something better to offer, hmm, Tegan?" Tegan, stung by the rebuke, grew silent, thinking (unfairly) how natural it was for the Doctor to stick up for a fellow Timelord.

"Can you override the jamming signal the Toymaker's using to disrupt the mind-transference device in the ring?" the Master asked. The Doctor looked up with a scowl.

"There never was a transference device in this ring," he said scornfully. "Only this," and so saying, he depressed a small stud on the ring. A tiny jack-in-the-box jumped out of the mechanism, accompanied by a tinny, maniacal laugh. He threw the ring against the far wall.

The Master's face was a mask of horror, and everyone thought it was from the Toymaker's betrayal, until they smelled the smoke. The barricaded door to the lab was burning, and suddenly, a Dalek burst through, screeching, "Ex-ter-mi-nate!" in a voice like nails being pulled out of wood. It was a clumsy, canny replica, but its laser fire would still do the job. By unspoken consent, the Doctor and Turlough leaped behind the Dalek as it wheeled into the room, and combined their might to shove it forward. That, coupled with its own considerable momentum, served to carry the Dalek farther and faster, until it burst through the outside wall of the lab and dropped two stories, to smash in the parking lot below.

"Well done, Turlough," said the Doctor. The boy grinned.

"We'd better go," urged Nyssa, "it won't be long before the others realize where we are."

"What's the point?" the Master despaired, squatting on his haunches in the corner, his head covered by his arms. "Don't you understand? There's no escape from these bodies!"

Tegan started to say something to admonish him, but the Doctor flashed her a look. He said, "Actually, there is a way to transfer our minds from these bodies back to our real ones. At least, I certainly hope it works," he added ruefully. Everyone looked at him with hope, which had been sorely lacking. He smiled resignedly and moved deliberately for the fire which the Dalek had started. "The surest way to escape a prison is to destroy it."

"Doctor! No!" Tegan grabbed his arm. "What if you're wrong?"

"Yes, Tegan," he answered gently, removing her hand. "I do realize." Clearing his mind of fear and clutter, thinking only of his real body, the Doctor stepped into the fire. It licked greedily at his artificial body, completely engulfing him behind a screen of flame. Tegan began to cry and turned away. After a while, the fire burned itself out. "I don't think he survived," the Master said.

"Quiet, you," warned Tegan. Ever since the Doctor had stepped into the fire, the Master advocated running from this place while there was still time, but the Doctor's companions would not consider it. And so they waited, as below, on the campus, toy replicas of the Doctor's greatest foes gathered. A Cyberman appeared in the doorway of the lab, heaving aside the heavy equipment they had stacked as a barricade. Striding into the room, it raised its weapon at the companions. Turlough leapt in front of Tegan (much to the surprise of both of them), while conversely, the Master grabbed Nyssa as a shield. The Cyberman fired...

.....

One by one, the Doctor's companions woke and sat up on their stainless steel gurneys, removing the encephalo-enhancers from their heads; on the enhancers was written the legend, "Thinking Cap." The Doctor was standing nearby, smiling. "Doctor!" said Turlough. "Then, you were able to transfer our minds back into our own bodies! And just in the nick of time, too, I might add."

"They were never actually out of our bodies," he said indicating the huge bank of machinery their Thinking Caps plugged into. "It was all taking place in our imaginations." Nearby, the body of the Master lay still and peaceful on his slab.

"What about him?" Nyssa asked with winter in her voice. The Doctor nodded at the monitor; on it, the Master was once more the Headmaster, belittling the Doctor in the hallway of the lab. "The program's repeating itself," she said, "like a tape loop." Despite everything, there was pity on her face for the Master.

"Don't worry Nyssa," said the Doctor. "I left the Master a wake-up call." And smiling, whistling some Vegan Top 40 hit, the Doctor led his companions back to the TARDIS, stepping over games and toys in the long, sterile-looking hallway.

"Wait," said Turlough. "What about the Toymaker?"

"I suspect he's got his hands full right now," said the Doctor, "putting down an uprising in soft toys."

"An uprising, eh? You wouldn't know anything about that, I suppose?" questioned Tegan.

The Doctor smiled wryly. "I might."

"But, whatever did the Toymaker want with your TARDIS?" asked Nyssa. The Doctor scowled and opened the door to show them. Toys and puzzles were piled on the console; miniature train tracks circled the room; boxes of games were stacked to the ceiling; puppets and marionettes hung lifelessly from the coat rack. Tegan started to laugh. "He wanted your TARDIS for a..."

"...toybox," the Doctor finished curtly, his face red with humiliation. "He wanted my TARDIS for a bottomless toybox!" He swept the toys from the console and engaged the Time Rotor, they were already halfway on their way to some new horizon.



DOCTOR WHO AND THE TRANCE OF VINTEX

Anne Smidt

Category I

"K-9, did you find my calculations accurate?"

"Affirmative, Master," replied K-9 with a twitch of his mechanical ears.

"In that case, Romana, would you set the coordinates for Vintex and pass me a pair of pliers? I want to bend this wire back into shape."

"Here, Doctor, and that wire is supposed to be straight."

"I know what I am doing. Have you ever been to Vintex before Romana?"

"As a matter of fact, Doctor, I did visit Vintex once, on a holiday, but that was quite a long time ago, and I only have a vague remembrance of the planet. I do remember that the scenery was to my liking."

"Vintex does have a beautiful landscape," agreed the Doctor, who was concentrating on his work.

Later a siren was heard and the TARDIS arrived. Romana tucked her long blond hair into a cap and stepped outside the ship. She had definitely recalled correctly. Vintex was a beautiful planet. The Doctor emerged from the TARDIS shortly after Romana, fully clad in his long coat and floppy brimmed hat. He immediately remarked how strange it was that no signs of life were visible on the supposedly populated planet.

"Yes, they did seem to forget to send out the welcoming committee with the red carpet and the twenty piece band," Romana said, intending to make the Doctor laugh, but he was obviously not listening. He was staring at something that was moving on the horizon.

"What is it Doctor?"

"I don't know, Romana."

"Well I don't either, and since it is heading towards us at a very fast speed, I don't suggest we stick around to find out!"

Her last words were swallowed by the tremendous roaring gust of wind that was approaching the TARDIS just as rapidly as the looming shapes that were becoming more and more distinct every second.

"Into the TARDIS!"

Safely inside the ship, without a second to spare, the Doctor opened the scanner, and once more Romana found him staring.

"What do you think it is Doctor?" This inquiry was made more calmly than the last.

"Well Romana, I don't think I've ever seen anything like them before, but they don't look good."

"I don't like it."

From their position in the TARDIS the Doctor and Romana had a fairly good view of the frightful looking mechanical "monsters" which were now investigating the outside of the TARDIS. All at once, the strange creatures antennae rose higher, and they seemed to stand at attention.

"They must be receiving commands by radio, don't you think Doctor?"

"Yes, that's what it is."

"What?"

"You see, Romana, if I can find their frequency, then I can tap into their radio waves and find out what's going on."

"You mean eavesdrop?"

"In a sense, I'm going to try it. I'm very curious as to what those things are."

The Doctor started to spin a small dial on the control panel and static came through an adjoining speaker. Soon he reached the correct setting and he and Romana began to listen.

"Those words aren't very clear, but it seems to me that voice is one I've heard before," said Romana.

"Romana, you're right. That is a very familiar voice, almost too familiar..."

"The Master!" the Doctor and Romana both exclaimed at once, for the voice of the Master was one that was indeed too familiar.

The Master was their enemy for all times.

"I suppose we might as well listen," Romana said.

The static broadcast was becoming more clear. The Time-lords could hear the words fairly well.

"You have done well slaves. For your next order you are to make a thorough check of your work. There is to be no intelligent life left on Vintex. If you do find any of the wretched souls, you know what to do with them. Get going!"

"So, that's what's he's up to. What do you think Romana?"

"Hmm."

"Hmm."

"I wonder what he means by, 'you know what to do with them' Doctor, do you think the Master has killed off all life on Vintex?"

The Doctor thought a moment "No. He wouldn't do that. Even the Master wouldn't kill off a race as advanced as the Vintexis."

"Then where are they?"

"They have to be someplace," said the Doctor. "Maybe they're floating around in E-Space!"

"Be serious. We should find out what happened to the Vintexis."

"And how do you propose to do that?" inquired the Doctor.

The Doctor and Romana decided to consult K-9.

"K-9, give me a report on the present inhabitants of Vintex," requested the Doctor.

K-9, happy to be of service gave a wag of his tail antenna, a twitch of his ears and started to give the readout.

"No present inhabitants, Master. Recently departed from planet."

"Where did they go K-9?" inquired Romana.

"Information not available," was K-9's disappointing reply.

.....

The Master was glowing with joy. He had finally taken over a whole planet successfully! He had all the Vintexis as slaves and he had the great secret wealth of Vintex all to himself. Now there was practically nothing the Master could not do.

The Master was sitting in a large black chair in which he slid around the room with ease. He swam in the victory at hand. The Master found it pleasurable to reside in the totally black room from which he controlled his newly created execution machines.

Standing obediently silent in the corner of the room were five aliens, their faces bland, unchanging and expressionless. Their eyes stared into nothingness, as if gazing at something that wasn't really there. It was a group of humanoids, with a very close resemblance to the humans on Earth.

.....

The Doctor had requested Romana's help in repairing a bit of micro-wiring in the TARDIS, which as usual had a few parts needing to be fixed. Presently, the Timelord and Lady were having a casual argument about whether wire 3-A connected to 3-B or 3-F. They finally decided on 3-F.

"Romana, hand me my sonic screwdriver, will you?"

"It's in your pocket, Doctor."

"I knew that!"

The Doctor produced his sonic screwdriver from the first pocket he stuck his hand into, and was secretly happy that he did because he didn't want to admit to Romana that he

had misplaced such a precious object.

He tried many times to fuse the wires together, but found it impossible.

"Now where could Romana be?" thought the Doctor.

Subsequently, Romana came twirling out of the wardrobe room in a beautiful dress. The Doctor had picked it up a few lives ago on a visit to 19th century Earth, his favorite planet. The dress had a lovely pink skirt and an exquisite, intricately patterned lace blouse with coordinating trim, all tied together with a black velvet cummerbund and a cameo at the neck.

"How do I look?"

"Fine. Come here a minute," said the Doctor not even looking up.

"I said, how do I look?"

"I know that and I said fine. Come here," repeated the Doctor indignantly, still not looking up. "Do you know where your sonic screwdriver is Romana?"

"It's in your safe. You know Doctor, I haven't used my sonic screwdriver since we went to Skonnos."

"I'll get it," announced the Doctor. He had to get it. His safe could only be opened by his palm print. "Yes, Skonnos," he went on. "That's where we met that dreadful Nimon."

"Yes," agreed Romana.

The Doctor finally rose from his work. "Oh you look beautiful Romana," he said candidly, noticing her attire for the first time. "You know I brought that dress back from Earth in my second life, or was it my third? Oh well, it's very old. That dress was always a favorite of mine...hasn't been worn in a very long time."

"That's nice Doctor, what did you do with my sonic screwdriver?"

The Doctor explained that his screwdriver was not generating enough energy to do the work he needed on the micro-wiring so he had to use hers. When the Doctor returned the tool to his companion, she thoughtlessly slipped it into the belt of her dress.

.....

Strangely, the Master's TARDIS was not only in the same time as the Doctor's but was also within the same space unit. The Master was busily punching away on the controls of his TARDIS's console. He was trying to get back to Vintex.

.....

Romana opened the scanner. The strange robots had left, and everything was still on Vintex. From the corner of the scanner, she spied something.

"Doctor!"

"What is it Romana?"

"Come here!"

The Doctor stumbled to the corner of the scanner, tripping on his trailing scarf.

"So we have a visitor!" announced the Doctor in a lilting voice. He was always happy to meet people, and always assumed that they were friendly until "proven hostile" but in this case, his happy voice was sarcastic. The sight they saw from the TARDIS was another similar ship, and their visitor was an enemy: the Master.

.....

The Master opened his scanner, and to his dismay, saw the Doctor's TARDIS. The Master stepped out.

The Doctor and Romana stepped out.

The Doctor finally broke the long silence.

"Would you like a jelly baby?"

The Master ignored the offer and started in as his usual unfriendly self.

"What are you doing here? he asked rudely.

The Doctor still trying to be friendly replied, "That's funny. I was about to ask you that! Of course I would have meant why are you here not I. Then again maybe..." The Doctor babbled on trying to change the subject.

The Master interrupted, "I asked what you are doing here!"

Romana trying to avoid another speech from the Doctor lied, "To tell you the truth, I really don't know."

Reliable K-9 glided out of the TARDIS. Unfortunately, K-9 was not programmed to state anything but the truth.

"Reason of arrival on Vintex to warn inhabitants of large danger in near future," he reported.

The Doctor felt that K-9 had already disclosed too much information to the Master.

"Close your mouth K-9!"

"Master?" questioned K-9 for he didn't have a mouth.

"Just be quiet K-9."

"Yes, Mistress."

The Doctor decided that he did not want to be sociable with the Master any longer. He began to fish in one of the many pockets. Finally he found what he was looking for. The Doctor took the green, high bouncing rubber ball from his pocket and tossed it over the Master's head. It landed with a "boing," bounced off again, then rolled to a stop.

The Master's curiosity was aroused. Such things were not found on Gallifrey. He came down off his high horse and went to pick up the toy and examined it.

While the Master's back was turned, the Doctor and Romana hopped into the TARDIS.

The Master only turned back around when he heard the siren of the TARDIS. He flailed the ball down, snickered and leaned against his ship to think.

The Doctor and Romana laughed for they knew that they had pulled off a good trick on the Master.

"Don't you wish you could have seen his face when he heard the siren, Doctor? joked Romana.

"Yes," said the Doctor with a tone in his voice that meant he was admitting his cleverness.

Little did the Master know, but all the Doctor had done was dematerialize, set the coordinates for almost the exact same spot, and simply not rematerialize. The Doctor opened the door. He and Romana heard the Master summon someone from his ship in an insolent voice. They found this action rather strange since the Master very rarely travelled with a companion. Surprisingly five figures appeared at the door of the Master's TARDIS. They were natives of Vintex as the Doctor knew.

"Those are Vintexis Romana," said the Doctor in a school teacher fashion.

The Vintexis stood like zombies.

"Do they always look like that Doctor?"

"No, I think the Master has hypnotized them."

Romana and the Doctor could not guess what the Master had done with, or to, the Vintexis.

The Master, followed by his five hypnotized Vintexis, began to scout about.

Romana and the Doctor decided to be a bit sneaky. They walked out of the TARDIS.

"Don't you think we should materialize Doctor? We aren't ever going to find the TARDIS again if we don't," said Romana, who was quite right.

They waited until the Master was out of hearing range, then materialized. K-9 glided out of the TARDIS to accompany his Master and Mistress.

"Don't make any noise," the Doctor told K-9.

K-9 gave no reply. He was being quiet.

The threesome headed over to the Master's TARDIS. When they arrived, the Doctor knocked on the door and called, "Anybody home?"

They waited for a while. The grass rustled lightly in the soft wind. The sky was a mild hue of lavender, and the air was fresh as it always was on Vintex.

Shockingly, someone came to the door. It was another Vintexi. This alien's eyes were also staring into nothingness. She was actually quite nice looking. Her sandy hair fell well past her shoulders in soft waves, and though her dress was very straight and plain, it was rather flattering.

"Excuse me miss," started the Doctor, "but I was wondering if you would be kind enough to tell me where the party is."

The alien was silent.

"You don't understand, huh?" asked the Doctor.

"OK, where are the Vintexis?" he asked enunciating every word clearly and precisely.

The alien was still silent.

"Oh well," sighed Romana.

"I guess she doesn't talk much," commented the Doctor.

K-9 followed the Doctor and Romana into the Master's TARDIS.

"No K-9, you stay outside on guard. Come and tell me if you see the Master coming," the Doctor told K-9.

The Timelord and Lady ventured deeper into the ship. They soon came to the room from which the Master controlled his machines. It was very dim in the room and quite unpleasant. The Doctor ambled over to a blinking light on the control panel. It blinked green, then yellow and it triggered the Doctor's curiosity. The Timelord pressed a round red button, and a screen lit up overhead. He pressed it again. The machines which they had seen earlier popped onto the screen. They were marching about. When the Doctor pressed the button a third time, a different view of the same scene came on. The Doctor next picked up a microphone that was attached to the control panel by a long flexible stand. The Doctor began to speak into the microphone.

"Testing...1,2,3...testing...1,2,3," he said.

There was no reply from the speaker next to the microphone, but Romana noticed an automatic change on the screen.

"Doctor, these machines of his did something."

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"Come over here and look."

The Doctor saw that the robots had straightened and their antennae rose as when they were receiving commands in front of the TARDIS. He figured they must be responding to his voice over the microphone. The Doctor spoke over the microphone again.

"Where are the Vintexis?"

Words appeared on the screen.

"Vintexis are in the Master's TARDIS. All other inhabitants have been transported to Vintex's second moon."

"Well, Doctor, at least we know what happened to the Vintexis," said Romana.

The Doctor needed to know more.

"What is your present mission?" he asked into the microphone.

Again words covered the screen.

"We are to make sure there is no life on Vintex."

The Doctor found this information sufficient.

"I'm going to reprogram these things."

The Doctor began to reprogram the robots one by one. Romana left the room to explore the rest of the Master's TARDIS. It was taking the Doctor a long time to reprogram the robots because he didn't have his sonic screwdriver. When the Doctor was down to programming his last robot, he saw K-9.

"What is it K-9?" he asked.

"Master, the Master is coming."

"How long do I have K-9?"

"The Master is approximately .9315 km away. At the Master's estimated pace of 24.3 strides every 10 seconds, I estimate that he will arrive at this TARDIS in about 10-12 minutes."

"Good, K-9. Go watch for him," commanded the Doctor.

The Doctor needed a sonic screwdriver to reprogram the last robot. He left the control room in search of Romana.

.....

Later, the Doctor found Romana in an ugly dark green room that was carpeted with moss and had moss on its walls and



ceiling.

"Romana, do you have your sonic screwdriver? Quick!"

Romana reached into her cumberbund and pulled out the tool.

"Here Doctor, what's going on?" she asked calmly.

"I'll tell you later," yelled the Doctor as he ran off. Romana followed him.

.....

When the Doctor arrived back in the control room, K-9 was there again. The little mobile computer was counting down for something. When the Doctor heard the countdown, he turned to K-9.

"What are you counting down for pal?"

"The Master will enter the TARDIS in..." K-9 continued his countdown, "7.5 seconds, 6 seconds..."

"Quick, K-9! Hide and be quiet!" warned the Doctor.

K-9 glided into a dark corner of the room. The Doctor ducked behind a control panel.

Within a few seconds, the Master strutted into the room. He was quite happy. His check had proven his plan successful. Fortunately for the Doctor, the Master was just passing through.

.....

Though fortunate for the Doctor, it was unfortunate for Romana. She was right on the other side of the door. There was really nothing she could do. Romana just stood there and allowed herself to be pressed in between the door and the wall. Luckily the Master was too busy being happy to even notice.

After the Master left, Romana snuck into the control room and the Doctor snuck out of his hiding place. The Doctor clapped his hand over Romana's mouth so she wouldn't scream.

The Doctor removed his hand and said to Romana, "Come on! We have to get to Vintex's second moon. I'll tell you why on the way back to our TARDIS."

.....

On the way back, the Doctor explained to Romana that there was only one way to snap the Vintexis out of the Master's trance. The only problem was that he didn't know the one way. (The computer would only disclose so much.)

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The Doctor and Romana arrived on Vintex's second moon, Alpha Omega, within seconds of entering the TARDIS. They hopped out of the ship and began to scout around.

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Soon the two Timelords found the vast dungeon where the

Master was keeping all the hypnotized inhabitants of Vintex. They entered the dismal, unlocked complex. The Doctor gave Romana a simple communicator and they split up. The Doctor went down one long hall lined with cells containing glassy-eyed Vintexis. Romana went down another. In a while the Doctor noticed a cell that was different. In it was a Vintexi and apparently this alien had not been hypnotized. This "man" was dressed in plain green pants and a matching green shirt which was adorned with a large silver cross on the front and back. The Vintexi was sitting on the floor of his cell twiddling his thumbs, which he had four of. The Doctor told the alien that he was a friend, and freed him from the cell.

"What is your name? You can call me the Doctor."

The alien replied, "I am Aleed."

"Nice to know you Aleed. Do you know anything about how to snap these Vintexis out of this trance?" inquired the Doctor.

Aleed replied in an eerie voice, "When the 5th moon of Vintex, Omega Gamma, passes between the first moon, Delta Beta, and the southernmost star, all the Vintexis must link hands and face west. The trance will snap."

"Oh," said the Doctor. He pushed the button on his communicator to summon Romana.

.....

When Romana found the Doctor, he told her of what he had learned and what they had to do. Romana and Aleed would stay on Alpha Omega and free all the Vintexis. Then they would load them all into the TARDIS making as many trips as necessary to return them to Vintex. While they did that, the Doctor would use the transmat beam to beam himself to Vintex in the Master's TARDIS. They all had to hurry because the astrological happening that could free the Vintexis would be occurring very soon.

.....

Romana worked with great speed for it was her gift as a Timelady to be quick and accurate.

.....

The Doctor was running towards the Master's TARDIS. He arrived and knocked on the door. When the Master answered, the Doctor fibbed, "You better check it out! There's a large group of Vintexis due west of here and they are plotting against you!"

The Master didn't particularly believe his enemy, but he figured he should at least look. He stepped out and walked around to the other side of his ship.

When the Master saw what was happening he yelled furiously, but it was a rouse. The clever Doctor had already led the seven Vintexis to the spot where he planned to meet Romana and Aleed with the rest of the Vintexis.

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Many of the Vintexis were already there. While he was waiting for Romana and the rest to arrive, he had all the hypnotized Vintexis link hands and get into position staring at the sky.

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The TARDIS finally arrived. The Vintexis were unloaded and positioned. Romana, the Doctor and Aleed waited for the moment when all of Vintex would be free again.

.....

The moment finally came. The two moons passed. A dramatic clap of thunder accompanied by a streak of silver lightening flashed in the sky. A long dreadful silence was finally over. All the Vintexis began to walk around and talk casually as if nothing had ever happened.

.....

The Doctor and Romana entered their TARDIS.

"I don't think the Master will try that again," said Romana.

"Yes, you might say he was 'foiled again!'" laughed the Doctor.

"What?"

"Just an Earth saying."

.....

They decided for their next trip they would let the randomizer decide their destination. The blue police box dematerialized and went spinning off in space. Who knows where it would land next!

THE POWER CHILD

Jody Elizabeth Hooper

Category 2

Deep in space, a giant ship, the Korath, cruised. It was a powerful hyperspace vehicle, carrying radioactive material. It was completely maintained by automatics and two humanoids.

One, named Mastan, was sitting at a giant computer console, checking and rechecking the figures produced by the auto-pilot. He knew even before he looked that they would be correct, but preferred to be working.

A young woman dressed in a neatly pressed uniform entered the flight deck. She was called Shela.

"Checking again?" she said. "Why do you do it, Mastan? You know nothing can go wrong."

"This area gives me a couple of shivers. It's partially uncharted, and I've heard rumors of a black hole near here."

"If I didn't know you, I'd say you were paranoid. Why..."

"Wait a minute." Mastan noticed a discrepancy in the reading, then another.

"We're off course!" he shouted. "Being pulled by a strong gravitational force."

"Impossible!"

"You think so?" Look at these readings!"

Shela gaped at the screens while Mastan rushed about trying to save the ship. It was all in vain.

The Power had taken over.

.....

The Power was emotionless and without form. It had been created by the swirling energies of a black hole as it sucked a supernova into its black depths.

The Power had one consuming desire. It knew nothing but that longing. The Power hungered for existence. It gradually expanded, searching for the right "host." Then, it discovered the Korath. Its purpose renewed, strength throbbled through it. The Power was ready to Metamorphase.

.....

Shela slumped into a chair on the flight deck. She lapsed into a stupor of fear. Suddenly, she twisted and screamed in mortal terror. Her body glowed red and disappeared. Shela gave one final shriek before the molecules of her body were torn apart. All at once, the entire computer board exploded, showering the room with debris. Sparks flew everywhere. The chain reaction destroyed half the ship and the Korath plummeted helplessly into the black hole.

The Power took the body of the female humanoid and scrambled the particles. It examined them carefully, then assembled them again.

The Change began. Shela's personality, her essence, eked out and trailed away into space. Energy replaced it. Gradually, the body expanded and grew, higher and higher until it seemed she could consume the cosmos itself.

The body that had been called Shela stretched and smiled. Gracefully, she leaned back against a cushion of air.

She spoke in a low, mellow voice. "I—am," she said.

.....

Not far away, a strange blue box hurtled through space. It resembled an Earth police box. Its inside was impossibly large. This was because it was actually a TARDIS (Time and Relative Dimension in Space) owned by the mysterious renegade known as the Doctor.

Now in his fifth incarnation, the Doctor was a fair-haired pleasant young man. He wore the clothes of an Edwardian cricketer, a fawn blazer with red piping, striped trousers, a

white sweater and an open necked shirt.

At the moment, the Doctor was frowning deeply at the console.

"Nyssa," he shouted into the next room, "what have you done with the..." The entire room lurched, throwing the Doctor against the wall. He darted back to the console.

"Doctor!" Nyssa of Traken, a companion of the Doctor's, ran into the control room. "What's happening?"

"We're being pulled by something!"

"What?"

"Something," he answered unhelpfully.

"But the power required..."

"I know, Nyssa. But whatever it is must have tremendous output. Even full drive has no effect on it!"

"Dematerialize!"

"Good idea," the Doctor said, a little put out. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Never mind, Doctor."

The Doctor did not answer. He pulled the main dematerialization switch. Nothing happened. He tried again. "Come on, old girl." The Doctor checked other instruments, readjusted a dial and tried yet again.

"The TARDIS is paralyzed," the Doctor said finally.

Nyssa stared dumbly at him.

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"Shela" slowly became aware of the TARDIS being pulled toward the black hole. She waved a hand and the TARDIS was yanked to her feet as if by an invisible string. It remained there.

"Shela" smiled. Something to amuse her at last.

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"We've stopped," Nyssa said nervously.

"Yes." The Doctor stroked the door control thoughtfully. "Let's have a look, shall we?"

"All right." The Doctor operated the scanner. A peaceful stary scene appeared—one that was slowly being destroyed by a black hole. Then they saw the huge image of Shela.

"Doctor..."

"Stay here, but don't worry. According to the instruments, some force is holding the field stable out there," he said firmly, and opened the door.

"It's quite alright to come out, whoever you are," Shela called.

The Doctor stepped out of the doorway and found himself floating. He could now see the entire giant shape more clearly. Shela was a strangely flickering image of a teenage girl, appearing as large as the black hole itself. She embraced it and was a part of it. In spite of her size, something in her face and manner seemed simple.

"Who are you?" Shela asked brightly. She was smiling childishly.

The Doctor found himself smiling back. "I'm the Doctor, and you?"

"Oh, I'm..." She frowned. "I don't know."

"That's all right."

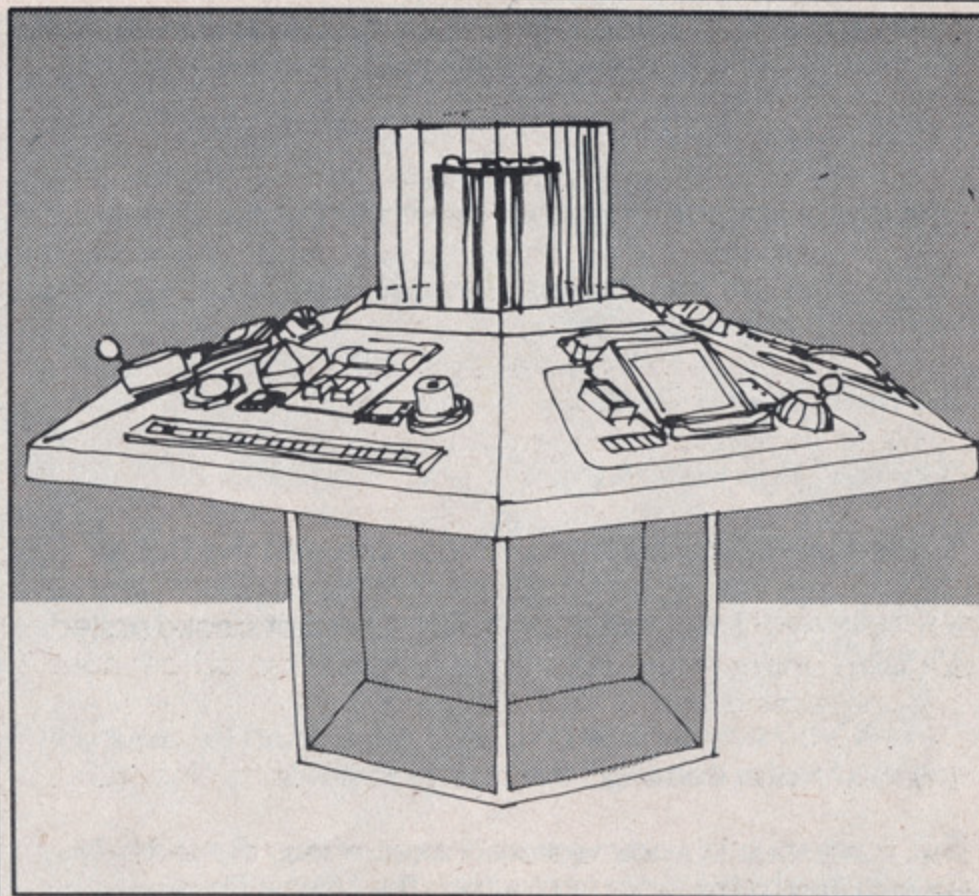
"Yes, it is, isn't it?"

"Of course."

Nyssa watched the pair on the scanner. She wished she could hear what they were saying. She wondered about the strange limbo in which the two were supported. She decided not to go out.

"So now I exist," Shela finished.

The Doctor nodded absently. Inwardly, he was thinking furiously. He realized that Shela had been created by the power of a supernova trapped in the black hole. It had existed for centuries until one day the luckless Korath passed. The Power had taken the body of a poor humanoid named Shela. The new being possessed almost unlimited power, but no experience, making her a dangerous child.



"You flew by here. I was bored and wanted someone to amuse me. It was easy to bring you here." She waved a hand regally.

"Well, I don't think so." The Doctor stepped back. "I think I'd better go and see if..."

"No, you will not leave!! I will throw you and your blue box away into the hole if you try. Stay!"

The Doctor lifted his hands placatingly. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Perhaps I will kill you," she mused. "It might be interesting." Her ruthlessness was not malicious.

"Why not flip a coin?" the Doctor joked.

"What? Show me," Shela demanded.

The Doctor produced a coin. "Heads or tails, just pick one."

"Heads."

He flipped the Earth quarter. "Tails. You can't kill me." He breathed a secret sigh.

Shela was fascinated. "Do it again!"

"All right. What would you like to flip for?"

Shela was aglow with enjoyment and new ideas. "If the coin comes up heads, I will give you my ring." She held a gold ring up. "And, if tails comes, you give me something." She clapped her hands triumphantly.

"I don't..."

"You will!" Shela snapped petulantly.

The Doctor thought he saw a way out. "If I do that for you, will you let me go?"

"Yes. But I know what you must give me if the coin comes up tails."

"What?"

"Your blue box."

"No!" the Doctor shouted.

Shela half stood. Her fingertips began to glow a deadly white.

The Doctor flipped the coin. He followed its motion up, over, down. Tails...tails...TAILS!! "Hmmm, tails," he said.

Shela clapped her hands in delight. "Ha, ha! I won. I..."

The TARDIS shuddered. The Doctor heard it making the familiar take-off noise, but very, very slowly.

"No, you mustn't leave," Shela gasped.

Immediately, the Doctor understood. "Don't try to hold the TARDIS any longer," he said urgently. "It will drain too much power from your source. Let us go!"

"No!"

The Doctor saw the area of stability shrinking rapidly. He leaped forward to avoid the perilous drop. "You'll kill us both. You cannot hold the TARDIS and your stabilizing field."

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Within the TARDIS, Nyssa was watching the two very carefully.

With a mental leap, she grasped what was happening.

"A diversion!"

Gathering her courage, Nyssa opened the door of the TARDIS and threw a small bundle toward Shela. It was a small explosive and it blew up in Shela's face. In the confusion, the Doctor slipped inside the TARDIS with Nyssa.

"We've got to get out of here!" Nyssa exclaimed.

The Doctor frowned in concentration. His hands flew over the console.

"No!" Shela howled.

The lights inside the TARDIS flickered. A wisp of smoke trailed out from underneath the power circuits, and an ominous smell of burning component filled the room.

"Doctor!" Nyssa shrieked, pointing in horror at the scanner.

Shela rose like a vengeful storm and lunged for the TARDIS. Her colossal arms reached for the shuddering Ship.

"You shall not go!" shouted Shela. Her voice deepened becoming a bone-shaking roar.

The Doctor dove under the console and began to sort scorched wires with nimble fingers. "The Power can't be limitless..." he muttered. Suddenly a whole panel exploded right in front of him. The Doctor jumped back, coughing and choking. The room was filling with smoke.

"Doctor, do something!" demanded Nyssa helplessly.

Shela lifted the TARDIS above her head. Slowly, she began to crush it. The TARDIS seemed to bend from the incredible pressure. The machinery emitted a horrible grinding sound as the control jammed. It was the end...

Then...

Shela raised her head, as though she heard a noise. Her face wrinkled with fear. "Help!" she cried, a frightened child; her voice suddenly soft. She disappeared abruptly like a candle blown out by a sudden wind.

The TARDIS, released from the tremendous force, catapulted far out into space. Nyssa was flung toward the door. Finally, all was quiet. She untangled herself from the hat rack and peered through the smoke. It made her eyes sting.

"Doctor?" Nyssa called softly. She heard a strange scraping sound. She saw a tall figure rise on the other side of the room.

"Nyssa, are you all right?" came a familiar voice.

Nyssa smiled in relief. "I'm fine," she replied. "How are you?"

"Quite all right." Somehow the Doctor had miraculously escaped the explosion with only his celery singed. He advanced to the blackened console and pressed a button. The billowing smoke was sucked away through a vent into another chamber.

"That's a relief!" exclaimed Nyssa. She couldn't help groaning when she saw the wrecked console.

"Never mind, Nyssa," the Doctor said cheerfully. "I meant to give her an overhaul anyway." The TARDIS gave a contrary cough.

"Who was she, Doctor?" asked Nyssa curiously.

He told her about the Power's creation, the body it had stolen and Shela's sudden demise.

"Is the Power destroyed?"

"More likely, just converted to a shapeless form again," the Doctor replied.

"Isn't that dangerous?"

"The black hole will consume it in time."

"What about the TARDIS?" Nyssa asked.

The Doctor crossed his fingers and pulled the dematerialization switch. The TARDIS shook, and the console emitted a sickly whine. The Time Rotor appeared to skip a beat, but went on more or less smoothly.

"Functioning normally again."

"Normally," agreed Nyssa. "Well, where are we going?"

"Hopefully, Earth. There's an interesting little place I want you to see. It's called Stonehenge."

The TARDIS spun on into the Vortex.

THE TEARSTONE NECKLACE

Debbie Barnum

Category 2

Tu Shing Pall glanced up at the painting for the fourth time. There was something odd about it, and yet it seemed normal enough. The painting was over-large, and hung about two feet off the floor. It featured a woman, the first Prime Minister of Surrah's wife, seated on a beautiful black stallion. There was a ring on the woman's right hand that seemed to come alive, as though it had a life of its own. From where he was seated, Tu Shing thought it looked like a small teardrop.

Plucking up his courage, he walked over to the painting. He leaned over it for a better view, and in so doing, accidentally pushed his thumb against the ring. He jumped back, though, when the painting slid aside to reveal a small room beyond. In the center of the room was a circular table with a red velvet pillow on it.

Holding his breath, Tu Shing stepped through the opening and walked over to the table. A golden necklace lay on the pillow. The charm on the chain was a small Tearstone surrounded by tongues of flame. Tu Shing smiled as he recognized his family stone. He reached out to touch it, but as he did, he heard a soft sliding sound. He whirled around just in time to see the painting slide back into place. He was trapped.

"Master Pall?" Su Tish, Tu Shing's maid servant, stood knocking at the door to his quarters. "Master Pall, sir, are you in there?" She paused, waiting for an answer. Then, receiving none, she retreated, muttering about dinner getting cold.

Tu Shing continued to search for a way out. The opening through which he had come in was now closed off by a square of cold metal. The rest of the room was paneled. Red carpeting covered the floor. Or was the color due only to the faint glow the necklace was giving off? Even Tu Shing's ebony hair had a red tinge.

He shivered, but not from the cold. "Think logically," he tried to tell himself. He had searched every inch of the room for secret panels or switches, even the table itself. Nothing.

Now he frantically checked the back of the painting. He got an idea, and put his hand about where he thought the ring would be on the opposite side. He found a slight lump, and pushed it.

At first, nothing happened. But after a few seconds, the metal square quietly slid back. Tu Shing heaved a sigh. He put one leg through the opening, then paused to look back at the necklace. "I'll be back," he said. He climbed through the rest of the way, crossed the room to open a window, and went downstairs to eat dinner.

For a few moments, all was quiet in the room. Then, suddenly, a small praying mantis appeared at the window. It paused for only a second before flying into the room and through the opening, finally alighting on the necklace.

Instantly, the Tearstone began to glow an eerie red as the mantis, oblivious to the light, began to grow. Silently, the painting slid back into place.

The Time Rotor rose and fell steadily. Hovering over the control panel that surrounded it, was the Doctor. A Timelord, now in his fifth regeneration, he was a hefty man, with short, dark blond, curly hair, who could be slightly tetchy at times. He wore an outlandish outfit made up of a long, fawn-colored coat (the lapels being bright pink and yellow), a checkered vest beneath that, and a blue and white checkered shirt beneath that. His pants were pink and white striped and his shoes bright red.

Off to one side, the Doctor's companion, Perpugillium Brown, stood watching him eagerly. "Well?" she said.

"Well what?" the Doctor countered, revolving once around the console.

Peri sighed and said, "Are we going back to Earth, or not?"

The Doctor gave her an exasperated look. "I'm doing the best I can, Peri. But you know the old girl's been acting up lately. So we really won't know until we land."

"Meaning that you can't control her," Peri mumbled.

"What?!" the Doctor practically shouted.

Peri raised her hands in self-defense. "Nothing, nothing," she said.

The Ossling House was placed so that it looked across Surrah's Central Park, where the annual synod, or "Meeting of the Ministers" was taking place this year.

Surrah, being a seaport town in the northeast, was the perfect place for all the northern city Prime Ministers to relax during their vacation of one-half moon. It had been decided that the meeting place this year would be the Ossling House, a small inn owned by Tu Shing Pall.

Even the newest High Prime Minister was there this year. What could possibly go wrong?

Tu Shing stepped away from the window where he had been watching the few Prime Ministers who happened to be about this early in the morning. Slowly, he turned toward the painting.

Today was the second day since he had seen the necklace. A strange compulsion overcame him, and he began to walk toward the picture. Once there, he saw, rather than felt, his hand reach out to push the ring. The painting slid back, and Tu Shing stepped through the opening.

His eyes fixed firmly on the necklace, he failed to notice the praying mantis, now approximately ten feet high, advancing on him.

His screams echoed throughout the halls as, once more, the painting slid quietly back.

As the sounds of Tu Shing's screams died down, another sound began to fill his quarters. It was a strange wheezing, scraping noise and as it got louder an old fashioned British police box started to materialize, faded, then finally became solid with a loud thud.

Even as the Prime Ministers came into the room to investigate, voices came from within the dark blue shape. "Don't start in on me, Peri," the first voice said. "It's a big universe, you know. What do you want me to do? Walk out into the Time Vortex and ask someone for directions?"

"No, of course not," said another voice. "But you're too late anyway. We've landed."

"So we have, so we have," the first voice spoke again, then paused before continuing. "Seems to be enough oxygen. Well, come along then, Peri."

The door opened, and the two time travelers emerged to meet the angry stares of a room full of Prime Ministers.

"I think I like the Time Vortex idea better," said Peri, retreating back toward the TARDIS.

"Stop!" the High Prime Minister commanded, coming forward. "What have you done with Tu Shing Pall?"

"Who's Tu Shing Pall?" Peri whispered to the Doctor.

"Hush," the Doctor whispered back. Then, taking a deep breath, he said aloud, "We don't know what you're talking about."

A low buzz of talk started up. The High Prime Minister held up his hand for silence.

"Rann Pu?" he said, raising his voice only slightly. The Prime Minister of Geshinlo stepped forward.

"The screams came from this room, High Prime Minister. I am certain." He stepped back.

"What screams?" Peri whispered to the Doctor again.

"Hush!" the Doctor hissed. "I'm sorry, High Prime Minister," he said, "but we heard no screams. Nor have we seen this Pall fellow. As a matter of fact, we've only just gotten here ourselves." The buzz started up again, this time getting louder.

"Take them to the lower dungeon," the High Prime Minister commanded above the noise. "I will deal with them later."

Peri made a mad dash for the TARDIS, hoping at least to be able to lock herself in, but she never made it. Two men grabbed her arms and started to pull her away. "Doctor!" she screamed, struggling. "Doctor, help!" But the Doctor was busy trying to free himself.

One Minister was smart enough to realize that the Doctor was too strong for them and hit the Timelord over the head with a bottle. The Doctor froze, then collapsed as Peri looked on. "Oh Doctor!" she sighed.

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"It's been more than three hours," Peri complained. They were in a small cell, barely big enough for them and a sole cot. The only light came from a torch in the hall, through the barred window of the door.

The Doctor lay on the cot, thinking. "So?" he said, in response to Peri.

"So, this is getting rather boring, and I want to get out of here." She got up from where she had been sitting on the floor, and walked over to the Doctor, hands on her hips.

"So?" he said again.

"Well, you've got to have something in those pockets of yours to get that door open, don't you?"

"I suppose so," groaned the Doctor, getting up. Slowly but surely, he began to empty his pockets of the intergalactic junk he had accumulated over the years.

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"The assembly has reviewed the facts, and I am now open to suggestions as to what to do with the one called the Doctor and his female companion." The High Prime Minister sat back and waited for a response. He was seated at the head of the table in the Ossling House's conference room. Around the rest of the table were gathered all fourteen northern city Prime Ministers.

"Question first, High Prime Minister?" one of them piped up. The senior Minister nodded. "They are being sentenced to death?" The High Prime Minister paused, then nodded again, the beginning of a smile on his face.

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"Ah, here's something." The Doctor held up a small piece of wire. He then handed it to Peri and began picking up the assorted odds and ends scattered on the cot, including a small paper bag, a croquet ball, and coins from various times and places. When he had finished, he stood up. "Here now Peri, let's see what I can do with that wire!"

With a doubtful look, Peri handed it to the Doctor, then watched as he began working on the door.

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A long corridor ran the entire length of the Ossling House's west wing. Great wooden doors were set at regular intervals on either side of the hall. Suddenly, a strange clicking noise started coming from the lock on one of the doors. After a few seconds it stopped, and the door swung open.

Cautiously, the Doctor stuck his head out and looked both directions. Then, confident that it was safe, he motioned for Peri to follow and started off down the corridor.

Struggling to keep up, Peri looked over her shoulder. "Are you sure we're going in the right direction?" she asked.

"Have I ever been wrong before?" the Doctor said airily, before turning to face her with a grin. "Don't answer that!"

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Soon, the Doctor's absence was discovered. The High Prime Minister and six Prime Ministers stood outside the Doctor's former cell.

"I want you all to spread out and find them," the High Prime Minister was saying. "And remember, I want them alive. I have other plans for the Doctor and the girl." He grinned evilly.

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"Ah, here we are," said the Doctor, arriving at a door flawlessly marked in Chinese: "Tu Shing Pall - Owner." Calmly, he opened the door and strode into the room, with Peri on his heels.

Heading for the TARDIS, he produced an odd-shaped key on a long chain. "We're leaving?" Peri asked hopefully. "Not yet," the Doctor said from within the seeming police box. "If you're bored, you could start looking for clues."

"Clues?" Peri mumbled. "Who does he think he is, Sherlock Holmes?"

"I heard that," the Doctor retorted. Giggling, Peri began to look around the room. She decided to check the painting first. Reaching up, she ran her finger over the horse, then rested it on the ring. She leaned slightly, and the painting slid back.

"Doctor?" Peri said, peering in. "Doctor, come and look at this!"

"Not now, Peri. I'm busy."

"But..."

"NOT NOW, Peri!"

"Humph." Peri made a face, looked through the opening, back at the TARDIS, then finally stepped through into the "Tearstone Room."

Noticing the necklace, she approached it, but, as if by some signal, the panel returned to its original position. Peri whirled. She gasped, then ran over to the painting and began to pound on it. "Doctor!" she screamed. "Doctor!"

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The Doctor emerged from the TARDIS, hands in his pockets. "Well, I couldn't find it anyway, Peri..." he began. "Peri? Peri, where are you?"

A muffled sound came from behind the painting. With a puzzled look, he crossed the room. "Peri?" He raised his hand and began to knock on the picture. After a few times, his hand hit the ring and the painting slid back to reveal a surprised Peri.

"Did you do that, or did I?" she asked.

"I believe I did," the Doctor answered with a smile. Then, looking over her shoulder, he said, "And what is it you've found?" He stepped through the opening and headed for the table.

"But Doctor," Peri said, helplessly glancing between the Doctor and the opening, "I think there's something you ought to know..."

"In a minute, Peri." The Doctor waved his arm at her, apparently triggering the painting once more. He turned around to look first at the panel, then at Peri. "Did you do that, or did I?" he asked, grinning.

Peri smiled back. "I think it's automatic. I tried to tell you..." She shrugged her shoulders and raised her hands, palms up, in a gesture of innocence.

"I know, I know. Well, there's nothing we can do about that now," the Doctor motioned toward the panel, "so I think for the moment I'll just look at this necklace." He turned around and reached for it, but just as he did, a low hissing noise began in the far corner of the room. Peri screamed and pointed at the praying mantis, which now stood a full fifteen feet tall.

Still screaming, Peri turned and began pounding on the panel. "That won't do any good!" the Doctor yelled at her, while keeping a wary eye on the mantis. Peri submitted, but only after one last blow to the center of the painting. As the panel slid back, the mantis started moving toward the Doctor.

"Doctor!" Peri shouted. He turned his head to see her standing proudly beside the opening.

"Go!" He ran over to help her through, then jumped through after her. "Quick! Get behind the desk!" he commanded. There was only a split second of silence before the enraged mantis crashed through the wall, roaring. It swung its head in their direction as Peri held her breath. Then, apparently confused, it turned toward the door. A few seconds later it was smashing its way down the hall, and the screams of terrified Prime Ministers filled the building.

"Good job," Peri said sarcastically. The Doctor turned to face her, about to retort, but Peri skillfully changed the subject. "Did you find what you were looking for?"

"What?" The Doctor gave her a blank look.

"In the TARDIS."

"Oh. No, as a matter of fact, I didn't." At this moment, the painting slid back and the two travelers remembered the situation.

Peri sighed. "What're we going to do about that monster?"

The Doctor smiled at her description of the mantis. "Nothing, for the moment," he said. "First I want to get a closer look at

that necklace."

"Again?"

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The Prime Minister peered over the edge of the couch he was hiding behind. Cautiously, he watched the ravenous movements of the mantis. He shifted his position slightly, and saw the mantis turn on him.

Screaming, he ran from the room and down the hall, the mantis close behind. He spotted a staircase at the end of the hall. With a new burst of energy, he reached it and started down. But he only got about half way, when the mantis spread its gigantic wings and took off. A moment later, it swooped down on the hysterical Minister.

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Carefully, the Doctor grasped the end of the Tearstone necklace chain. He lifted it slowly, but as soon as the charm moved, it began to glow an eerie red. The Doctor dropped it like a hot potato. Peri sighed. "It seems to do that every time you try it," she said. "Why don't you just give up and admit that it's safe?"

"Because there were no praying mantises that big in Seventh Century China."

"Is that where we are?" Peri asked, but her wonder soon turned to scorn. "Hey! How long have you known where—and when—we were?"

"Now, now, Peri, I figured it out while I was thinking in the cell. After all, there aren't that many planets with Ministers as leaders, so it wasn't too hard to assume this was one of them. Besides that, I noticed the moon and stars outside, and that narrowed the choice down to one. Earth. And seeing the furniture and decorations, I knew they were Seventh Century China." Peri was stunned into silence. Since when had he had time to look outside? "Are you satisfied now, Peri? Because we've got work to do," the Doctor said, reaching for the necklace again. This time he disregarded the glow and put the necklace directly into his pocket.

"Isn't that a bit chancy? Putting it in your pocket, I mean?" Peri looked worryingly at the Doctor.

"Why don't you just give up and admit that it's safe?" the Doctor mimicked Peri.

"Because there were no praying mantises that big in Seventh Century China!" Peri retorted, smiling.

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The Doctor and Peri strode across the central park. "Where are we going?" Peri asked, trying to match his stride.

"To find the mantis," the Doctor answered reasonably.

Peri's eyes widened as she looked at him. "You're kidding, right?"

Just then, a cry of, "There they are!" was taken up behind them. The Doctor had hardly glanced backward when he took off running toward a gateway on the other side of the clearing. Once through, the Doctor took only a split-second before turning to the left and racing ahead of Peri again.

But at a sound from a large bush they were passing, the Doctor stopped short. Peri could hardly keep from running into him. "Doctor," she complained, "don't stop here! They'll be on us any minute..."

The Doctor shushed her, waving his hand. Again the sound came, a loud, insistent hiss. "Come on!" the Doctor said, pulling her forward. For a moment, it looked as though he was going straight into the bush, but then Peri saw the barely perceptible break in the branches, and she was through.

Inside the huge bush that Peri was now beginning to think of as a tree, there was a large space between the trunk and the thick outer branches, which were hanging so low they touched the ground. There was a wooden, circular bench around the trunk, and a small desk to one side of the "room." Other than that, it was empty except for a girl.

The girl had long, black hair that hung down to her knees. She was wearing a pants suit, golden in color. To match, she had gold slippers and a gold tiara with a ruby in the center.

The three stood in mute silence as the Ministers and guards rushed by. But as soon as they were gone, Peri blurted out, "Who are you? Why did you help us?"

"Now, Peri, don't be rude..." the Doctor began, but the girl interrupted.

"No, no, it's quite all right. I don't mind." She turned toward Peri. "My name is Su Tish. Please, have a seat." She waved

vaguely in the direction of the bench. As they sat down, Su Tish began casually, "I work as maid-servant for Tu Shing Pall."

"Hey!..." Peri cut in. The Doctor poked her in the ribs and put a finger to his lips.

Apparently unaware of the interruption, Su Tish continued. "I saw the guards taking you to the dungeon. I thought your clothing was a bit odd, and that you were probably strangers. Sorry I couldn't have helped..." She spread her hands. "When I went in to clean up during the noon meal, I noticed that blue box. Is it yours?" When the Doctor nodded, she went on, "Well, I don't mean to sound brash or anything, but, is that a time machine? Maybe even a TARDIS?"

The Doctor's jaw dropped. "What?"

"How did you know?" Peri exclaimed.

"Well," Su Tish began, "it wasn't too hard to figure out, really. If you haven't already guessed, I am from another planet. And when you've been around the galaxies as much as I have, you learn to recognize ships. Especially time machines, because not many people have them. And since a British metropolitan police box hardly belongs in this century, that meant that it had to be a time-space machine. Time and relative dimensions in space, to be exact." She grinned, and the Doctor and Peri grinned, too. "But tell me," Su Tish paused to pull the chair over from the desk, "isn't a TARDIS supposed to change its shape to match the surroundings?"

The Doctor lowered his head to look at his hands. "Yes, well, it was in the shop when I..." he stopped and looked up. "Never mind about that," he said briskly. "How old are you?"

"Oh, come on Doctor," Peri said. "Now you're being rude. She can't be a day over nineteen."

"I'm eighty-six, to be precise," she said, turning slightly to look at Peri.

This time it was Peri's jaw that dropped. But before she could say anything, the Doctor interrupted.

"That would make you an Alandrian, wouldn't it?" Su Tish nodded as the Doctor turned to Peri and explained, "They don't live a third as long as we Timelords do, but they never look much older than our friend here for their entire lives." He turned back to the Alandrian. "But what are you doing here? And Su Tish isn't your real name, is it?"

The girl laughed. "My mother warned me there'd be Timelords like you!" She laughed again and Peri and the Doctor joined in. When they calmed down, she said, "The reason I'm here is because I'm doing a study on Seventh Century Earth. I thought I'd get some first-hand information! My real name is Liposhadenari." She pronounced it /le posh' a den är ē/.

"Wow," the Doctor interrupted, "that's almost as bad as Romanadvoratrelundar." He grinned at Peri. "Or Perpugillium!" Peri humphed. "Well, we're going to need a nickname for you," he said to Liposhadenari.

"How about Lipsi?" Peri asked, sitting back.

"Too childish," the Doctor said, pursing his lips. "Shad?" He looked at Liposhadenari, who smiled. "I like it," she said. Peri humphed again.

"What do you make of it, Shad?" the Doctor said, peering over her shoulder. The necklace was lying on the desk, a wide space cleared around it.

"Well," Shad relaxed as she sat back in the bamboo-and-grass chair, "it's definitely not the stone that made the mantis grow."

"So it must be the necklace itself," deduced Peri, smiled broadly.

"Not alone," the Doctor said. "The stone must be a catalyst. So, all we have to do is switch it for another stone, one that does the opposite." He grinned as he said, "And I think I have just the thing on board the TARDIS!"

"What are we waiting for?" Peri jumped from her perch on the circular bench and ran for the "door." The Doctor went after, and Shad followed.

A few minutes later the trio arrived in Su Tish's room. The Doctor produced the key, and they all went into the TARDIS. Shad looked around appreciatively as the Doctor disappeared through the inner door and Peri went to the console. She pulled a lever and the main doors shut with an electric hum.

"Aha!" the Doctor called from a back room in the interior of the TARDIS. He emerged carrying a small, green stone in the palm of his hand.

"I don't like the color," Peri said cynically.

"Green is opposite to red on the color wheel," said the Doctor, purposely ignoring Peri's tone of voice.

"Well, that should work," Shad piped up. "Have you something to remove the Tearstone?"

After a moment of thought, the Doctor pulled a small spray bottle from his pocket. "Always knew this would come in handy," he said. "Never throw anything away Peri, that's what I always say." He waved a finger at Peri, and with his other hand pulled the control to open the doors.

"What is it?" Peri asked, but the Doctor had already gone.

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Outside, the mantis was killing helpless Prime Ministers wherever and whenever it found them. As the Doctor exited the building, the mantis zeroed in on him. "Run!" the Doctor yelled to his companions, who had caught up to him by then.

Peri and Shad ran one way, and the Doctor another. Confused for a moment, the mantis paused, then started after the girls. "Hey, you overgrown petal-pusher!" the Doctor yelled, standing on his toes. "Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" Roaring, the mantis skidded to a stop, raised its great wings, and flew toward the Doctor. "I thought I said to pick on someone your own size!" the Timelord muttered as he turned to run.

"We've got to help him!" Shad cried.

"We'd only get in the way," Peri said, patting her friend's shoulder. "Besides, he can take care of himself!" She grinned broadly, and taking Shad's hand, ran off toward the "tree house."

Meanwhile, the mantis had quickly caught up with the Doctor. The two were headed straight for a large gateway in the over-sized bushes that surrounded the Ossling House. The gates were wide open, and above them was a beautifully carved golden arch. Suddenly, the Doctor saw his chance. If he could just keep the mantis's attention on him...

He turned back long enough to shout, "Hey! Dandelion breath! Catch me if you can!" Then he ran toward the gate even faster as the mantis screeched behind him. With one last burst of speed, the Doctor dived through the gate, then rolled over to see the mantis crash full-speed into the arch.

As it fell to the ground, the Doctor calmly got up, brushed himself off, and strode back toward the Ossling House, muttering something about "tangling with a Timelord."

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"Gin!" said Shad triumphantly.

Peri made a face. "I think I taught you too well!" she complained, just as the Doctor walked in. "And where have you been?" Peri drawled.

"I believe the proper American response to that question is, 'around,'" the Doctor remarked as he carefully picked up the necklace from the desk and put it on the ground. Shad and Peri got up from where they were sitting and moved to stand above the Doctor, who was spraying the necklace with a fine mist from his spray bottle.

"What is that stuff?" Peri asked as the Doctor carefully pryed the stone loose with a stick. He dropped the green stone into the hole and pressed it down with the same twig, before answering.

"It's a type of acid," he said, picking the necklace up by the chain and putting it in his pocket. Reaching into another pocket, he then pulled out three small, black balls, each with a long thin string, and held them out for the girls to see. Before Peri could speak up, the Doctor said, "Firecrackers. I went back to the TARDIS to get them."

"We're going to scare the mantis into touching the necklace?" Peri said sarcastically.

"Exactly!" the Doctor grinned, and Shad stifled a giggle.

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"All my men are in position," the senior guard reported. "The tree is surrounded."

"Excellent," said the High Prime Minister, a smile playing on his lips. He turned to the dark-robed figure beside him, and passed over a small satchel. "You have done well." Almost instantly, the figure disappeared. Turning back toward the tree, the High Prime Minister said softly, "Now, Doctor. Come and meet your doom!"

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"Okay. Do you both know what to do?" the Doctor asked, starting for the door. Shad and Peri nodded.

"Shad holds the firecrackers while I light the matches," Peri said.

"Then I throw it toward the mantis to chase it to you," said Shad, waving toward the Doctor. "And you hit it with the necklace."

"Right!" The Doctor gave a curt nod, turned to go out, and stopped just outside the doorway.

"Doctor!" Peri complained, pushing him out of the way. "Don't just...oh, no! Here we go again!" Directly in front of them were five guards, their guns trained on the Doctor, the High Prime Minister behind them.

"So, Doctor," he said, "we meet again."

"How observant," Peri muttered before the Doctor shushed her.

"This time, though," the High Prime Minister said, seemingly unaware of Peri's comment, "you will not escape. Take these two to the clearing and tie them up."

As two guards came to take the Doctor away, he turned around to find Shad nowhere to be seen. Peri caught his eye and inclined her head toward the tree.

"And search inside that tree!" the High Prime Minister boomed. "I want anything that's found!" The Doctor and Peri exchanged startled glances. But a minute later, they were almost out of hearing range when the guards emerged and reported nothing unusual. Peri's face was an expression of relief as she whispered to the Doctor, "Trapdoor!"

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"I can hear it coming," the Doctor said softly. He and Peri were sitting, tied back-to-back, in a large clearing surrounded by hedges. Peri strained her ears. Yes, she heard it too. "Is the rope loose enough yet?"

Carefully, Peri pulled one hand free. "Yes," she said, "I'm out."

"Now reach into my pocket and get out the necklace. Carefully!" he added as Peri shifted her arm.

"Doctor?" Peri whimpered, "what if I touch the stone? Doctor?" But the Timelord remained silent.

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"High Prime Minister! The girl is loose!"

"No matter," the senior Minister drawled, "the mantis is nearly here. Soon Tu Shing Pall's death shall be avenged."

None of the guards, however, saw a small golden figure dart over to the captives and begin to undo their ropes.

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"Shad! Are we glad to see you!" Peri cried. She had just reached the chain of the necklace in the Doctor's pocket, and slowly began drawing it out as Shad worked on the ropes. "Got it!" she said triumphantly as she produced the faintly glowing necklace. "Not bad for an Earthling, eh Doctor?"

The Timelord, now free of his bonds, turned to smile at Peri. "How good is your aim?" he asked.

"So-so," Peri replied. "Why?" When the Doctor waved his arm toward the mantis just entering the clearing, Peri's eyes widened and she carefully handed the necklace to the Doctor.

All three stood up as he took a breath, exhaled, and tossed the necklace toward the mantis. It fell to the ground fifty feet short. "I hope you meant it to land there," Peri said, looking disappointed.

"I did." The Doctor looked very self-satisfied as the mantis approached. Step by step it came, ever closer. Then, at the last second, it stepped over the necklace! The Doctor's face fell, then brightened as he got an idea. "Shad! Quick, get out a firecracker!"

"I've got the matches," Peri said, but her hands shook so much it took four tries to light it. With the mantis only about twenty feet away, Shad lit the firecracker on the match and threw it with all her might.

"Down!" yelled the Doctor, and the girls were all too glad to comply. The firecracker exploded in a flash of reds and purples. Dazed, the mantis stepped back, onto the necklace. Within seconds, it was back to its normal size. Peri raised her head just in time to see the now tiny praying mantis spread its wings and fly away. "Well, that's that," said the Doctor, standing up. "Can we drop you somewhere?" he asked Shad, extending his hand in assistance.

Shad took his hand and replied, "Well, you've about ruined my credibility here!" The three friends laughed as they started back toward the house. "Here!" Shad yelled, throwing the remaining firecrackers at the Prime Ministers.

As they and their guards scattered, Peri asked, "Is that smart? I mean, this is only the Seventh Century, you know."

"My dear girl," the Doctor clicked his tongue at her, "how do you think the Chinese got firecrackers?"

Peri's eyes widened as a smile spread across the Doctor's face. "No....," she said, "you're kidding, right? Doctor! Come back here!"

OVERCONFIDENCE

Karla Taylor

Category 3

It's quite certain that no one saw either of the two glowing objects as they swept out of the black sky and crashed into the perfect glass surface of the ocean. If anyone had, they would have noted that the first object wavered erratically and then hit the water with a loud splatting crack, while the second swooped with deliberate grace, hovered for a moment and then purposely sliced into the water near where the first had entered.

Miles to the east, a huge, sleek and elegant ship cut serenely through the calm ocean. Ablaze with light on every deck, it competed with the thousands of stars in all their glory on this remarkably clear night. Though it was late, and most of the ship's 1,347 passengers were asleep, others were still celebrating or just wandering about. After all, it was only their fourth night out, and many, especially those in first or second class, were not over the exhilaration of being aboard on the maiden voyage of the most magnificent ship in the world.

From time to time, huge white mountains loomed out of the darkness for a moment, and then would disappear. The ship's lookouts saw them; the crew noted them; and throughout the evening the captain had received no less than five warnings from distant ships, over the marvelous new wireless radio: Icebergs in the area—caution. But caution was not the watchword for the S.S. Titanic that night.

Far to the west, the two strange objects still glowed beneath the dark water. The smaller, more agile, circled the larger, motionless and hovering under the surface. Maintaining its position was the best it could do: the beings inside worked desperately just to keep their ship, designed for deep space and not deep water, from sinking forever to the floor of this alien ocean. Whatever cries they may have made, whatever curses they may have levelled at this world or at the other ship taunting them outside, were spoken in the harsh language of the Sontarans.

The single inhabitant of the small ship may have cursed too. Though its ship was in perfect working order, and had been built underwater, it could not succeed in its purpose—to destroy the disabled Sontaran ship. A bomb was needed. But the portable bombs available would not be powerful enough. What was needed, therefore, was another source of power with which to enhance the bomb. But where could such a source be found in this desolate water? The several large masses of ice seen in this area would not do—they floated aimlessly and could not be propelled to the Sontaran target, and furthermore, there was no power source in them. No, what was needed was something with an independent power source, and already on a collision course with the target. The inhabitant was not pleased. Still, there was only one thing to do—scan the area in widening circles until, by chance, a ship was discovered. The being set to work, without much hope. Reports of this planet had shown its inhabitants were capable of ocean-going travel, but nevertheless the prospects seemed very dim indeed.

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To the east again: on one of those "large masses of ice" that moved silent and majestic through the bitter North Atlantic, the silence was suddenly broken by a wailing, groaning sound that grew louder as a boxy shape gradually materialized on a flat space of sheer ice. It was tall, dark blue, and had the words "Police Public Call Box" painted on it. A narrow door on the side facing out to the ocean slowly opened; a tall man dressed in loose-fitting, well-worn clothing stepped out. Promptly he slipped on the slick ice and landed squarely on the seat of his pants, the very long, knitted scarf he was wearing tangled around him.

"Humph!"

Slowly he got to his feet, one hand grasping the door handle of the strange box. The "box" was actually a TARDIS, an extremely sophisticated ship for travelling in both space and time. The man was known as "the Doctor."

After getting his bearings, the Doctor's blue eyes scanned the velvet black horizon. It was nearly impossible to tell where the sky left off and the water began, despite the cascade of sparkling stars overhead. The ocean was absolutely still. The Doctor sensed the bitter cold of the night, but it

did not make him uncomfortable. He was not human. But then, neither were many others in this part of the North Atlantic on this particular, very late Sunday, April 14, 1912.

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The Doctor could not know it, but something had raced past the iceberg just as the Doctor stepped from the TARDIS. As it flowed through the frigid water at better than 30 knots, it swelled with joy and excitement. Incredible luck had been with it after all; a ship of suitable type was in the area, very near now and soon it would overtake and board it. Surely it would not be difficult to plant the bomb it carried with it.

The being came up alongside the ship, itself moving at a reckless 22-1/2 knots. Matching its pace, the being began to ooze up the side of the Titanic, green and faintly glowing against the glistening black of the ship's hull.

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The Doctor chose a flat spot amongst the rough ice and sat down. Though this location would be inhospitable for a human, the Doctor decided he rather liked it. Besides he had lots of thinking and sorting out to do, and this seemed as good a place as any to do it.

He had just come from his home world of Gallifrey, in another galaxy. As usual with his infrequent visits, terrible trouble had arisen. The Doctor had been instrumental in turning back invasions by both the Vardans and the Sontarans, but as usual he'd had to contend with the scorn and hostility of his own people, the Timelords. And to top it off, when they were about to get into the TARDIS and depart, the Doctor's companion, the barbarian huntress Leela, had announced to him that she had decided to stay on Gallifrey with the handsome young captain of the Capitol guards. Unconsciously, the Doctor twisted his scarf in his hands. Leela living on Gallifrey. Well, good luck to her, he thought ruefully.

He stared out into the darkness.

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Aboard the swiftly moving steamship, a young woman, not at all like Leela, walked absently along the second class Promenade Deck. It was nearly 11:30, and Margaret Wilmott, of the stewardess staff, knew she should be in bed. After all, she had a long day ahead of her—probably worse than today, she thought, exasperated. All day it had been: get me this, I need that, spread this blanket out on this deck chair, there's a good girl. Maggie sighed, then smiled. She didn't have it so bad. How many other girls of just twenty-two were stewardesses aboard the most wonderful ship in the whole world? Besides, maybe she would catch the eye of some rich and handsome passenger. Like many young working-class women in 1912, Maggie was an avid reader of "millgirl romances," in which the lovely heroine was always swept out of poverty by a dashing, handsome aristocrat.

Maggie sighed again and gathered her shawl around her shoulders more closely. It was really silly to be standing out here in this terrible cold in the middle of the night. Turning to go back inside, her eye just caught a glimpse of a green glow coming from the other side of the ship's rail. Maggie stepped to the rail and glanced over, her hand closing over the steel bar. Instantly she was surrounded by bright crackling blue sparks, her body paralyzed. In the split second before she died, Maggie Wilmott's wide eyes beheld the spectacle of a large phosphorescent green blob staring up at her, glowing tentacles sliding over and under the rail, which still vibrated with the powerful electrical charge the being had imparted to it.

Maggie's body had scarcely slumped to the deck before the green blob slid over it.

The great steamship sped through the night, still heedless of ice warnings. It was 11:39 p.m. Up ahead a huge iceberg loomed, the majority of it under the surface—diamond-sharp, jagged fingers of ice reaching passively outward.

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A figure moved swiftly along the other side of the second class Promenade Deck. Even with its urgent purpose, it stopped briefly to observe, with alien detachment, a great mountain of ice that was moving in an almost deliberate fashion along the starboard side of the steamship. Already it was feeling the strain of holding this human form, so it decided to relax for a bit. Though its form remained human, the figure, in the uniform of a ship's stewardess, began to "phosphoresce" with a lurid green aura.

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The Doctor now standing, and at tense attention, stared in shock and wonder at the huge darkly glistening hull that moved not thirty feet from his face. There was a dull audible scraping sound that went on and on as the long ship moved in opposite direction to the iceberg. Finally, the horrid sound stopped and the ship seemed to snub the berg as it moved

away, veering majestically to port.

That's the Tifantic, the Doctor thought wildly. Great Universe, I've just watched the Titanic rip itself open on the iceberg. What can... His attention was suddenly riveted on something near the railing on one of the middle decks. It was green and luminous in the starry night. Then the ship moved and the green object disappeared from the Doctor's line of vision. The iceberg drifted, oblivious to the fact that it had just been instrumental in the worst sea disaster in Earth history.

Resuming a human appearance, the alien hurried on its way, carefully cradling the metal-cased explosive device in its arms. For further security, it paused briefly to wrap the bomb in the heavy shawl it wore.

Back in the TARDIS, the Doctor was pushing buttons and pulling switches, reproaching himself bitterly. Of course it was indeed April of 1912. Of course that had been the Titanic. And of course it was too late to be of any help. "But what could you have done?" another part of the Doctor's mind asked. You know you cannot change history. But then, what am I here for? The Doctor had a deep, abiding affection for the Earth and its people. For all their faults, they were a fine species. He had made it his business to help them whenever he could. Well, it was true that he couldn't keep their Titanic from sinking, but perhaps he could gather some of its passengers into the TARDIS...and then what was that green glowing thing? The Doctor's mind, with its centuries of memory, strove to connect what he had seen with something in the past. Something about Leela, and fog, and a flashing light, and diamonds on the floor...the Doctor closed his eyes for a moment, in anguish. He remembered now. Swiftly he set the coordinates to materialize somewhere aboard the doomed Titanic.

"Here, now, what'er you doing down 'ere?" The alien in human form spun around, hands gripping the shawl-covered bomb. A broad middle-aged man in the uniform of a ship's engineer towered over it, eyes alert but not unfriendly. "I say, little lady, you've no business down 'ere, we've 'ad trouble and it's no pl..." Blue sparks swathed the man for a moment, and then he fell silently. Disturbed, the alien being turned and was gone.

The Doctor opened the TARDIS door and peeked out cautiously. No one in any direction as far as he could see. He stepped out and continued to keep a look out. The TARDIS had materialized in a niche barely large enough to fit it, next to a stairway that led from the boat deck to that just below. The Doctor didn't know it, but it was the second class entrance. He only hoped no one would notice the TARDIS there.

The ship was at full stop, but everything seemed completely normal. The Doctor decided to walk around, since if he stood in any one place for very long, he might get some unwelcome attention, and besides, there was an unwanted and distinctly alien passenger somewhere aboard. The Doctor, never one to be abashed by the upper crust, headed for the first class foyer on A Deck. As he walked in the direction he hoped was correct, he noted grimly the deck ever so slightly, beginning to tilt.

The alien, its task finished, wandered aimlessly from deck to deck, wondering why the ship had stopped dead in the water and what the wild commotion in the lower levels was all about. Its human face frowned. The longer the delay, the more chance the Sontarans would be gone before the ship got to them. Feeling weakness coming on, the alien decided to return to the lovely chambers below where there was electricity and power in abundance.

The Doctor stood among a crowd of people dressed in everything from pajamas and dressing gowns to evening gowns and rumpled sweaters. Everyone was talking about what they imagined was wrong, but of course not one of them really knew. More and more of what the Doctor remembered about the Titanic was coming to him now. Grimly he wondered what the reaction would be if he announced to the crowd that the Titanic had a 300-foot long gash in its side, it was taking water fast, and already the mailroom, cargo rooms, and most of the boiler rooms were filling to their ceilings? In spite of the situation, the Doctor couldn't help looking around the huge room. The wrought-iron balustrades and ornate furnishings held no interest for him. His eyes fell on the great clock on the wall. He grinned with amused disgust. It was one of the those ghastly Edwardian things, with gold painted nymphs on either side of the clock-face. The scripted caption read: Honor and Glory Crowning

Time.

That jolted the Doctor back to the business at hand. Hurrying through the crowd, he went out again onto the deck, which tilted a little more now.

It was 12:05 a.m. on April 15, 1912, and Captain Smith of the Titanic had ordered that lifeboats be uncovered and the passengers brought out onto the decks.

The alien was angry and frustrated. There was no use going to the lower levels anymore. The ship was damaged and it appeared to be sinking. Obviously, it was never going to reach the Sontaran ship, many miles to the west. Shaking with rage, the alien clutched the retrieved bomb. It wondered if it should just take the bomb itself to the Sontaran ship, let it explode, and see what damage it might do. But that was not satisfactory. Anger directed itself to this ship and the stupid humans aboard. Well, there were more portable bombs in the alien's ship, suspended underwater near the Sontaran ship. This bomb would be used to exact some revenge on the humans. The alien in the form of a ship's stewardess started for the grandest-appearing spot on the ship.

At 12:15, the first of many distress calls radiated out from the doomed steamship. The wireless operator used the usual CQD call. A half hour later, in desperation, he would try the new international call, still in the "experimental stages." At 12:45 the very first SOS in history would crackle across the cold Atlantic night.

The Doctor moved through and among the now-frightened knots of people gathered on the decks. There were cries, shouts, and screams as people haphazardly loaded into the few lifeboats and then lowered away. He thought of the TARDIS, and how big it was on the inside. Everyone aboard the Titanic could enter it with ease. The Doctor had a mental image of proposing this scheme to the Titanic's captain. Disgusted with his own helplessness, he strode on, still looking for the alien he had seen on the deck during the crash.

The alien watched dispassionately as Lifeboat Number Three was lowered over the ship's crooked side. During its travels about the ship it had noticed that there were far too few of the small open boats for all the humans aboard. Apparently it was the ones that lived on the upper levels who owned the small boats, because the people from the lower levels had not been allowed, for most part, near them. Obviously, most of them were expected to die. None of this mattered a jot to the alien, but it thought it was rather interesting anyway.

The Doctor stopped, looking down the deck toward the down-tilted bow. He was on the Officer's Promenade, though he could not have cared. His attention was centered on a young blond woman in some sort of uniform, standing by herself, watching the boats being lowered away. She was making no attempt to get into any herself.

This was the fifth time the Doctor had encountered her in the last half hour. She didn't act...well, human.

As he approached her, she turned slowly and looked at him calmly. The Doctor had a wide experience with aliens, and he sensed immediately that these eyes were not human.

He took a deep breath. "Hello Rutan," he said.

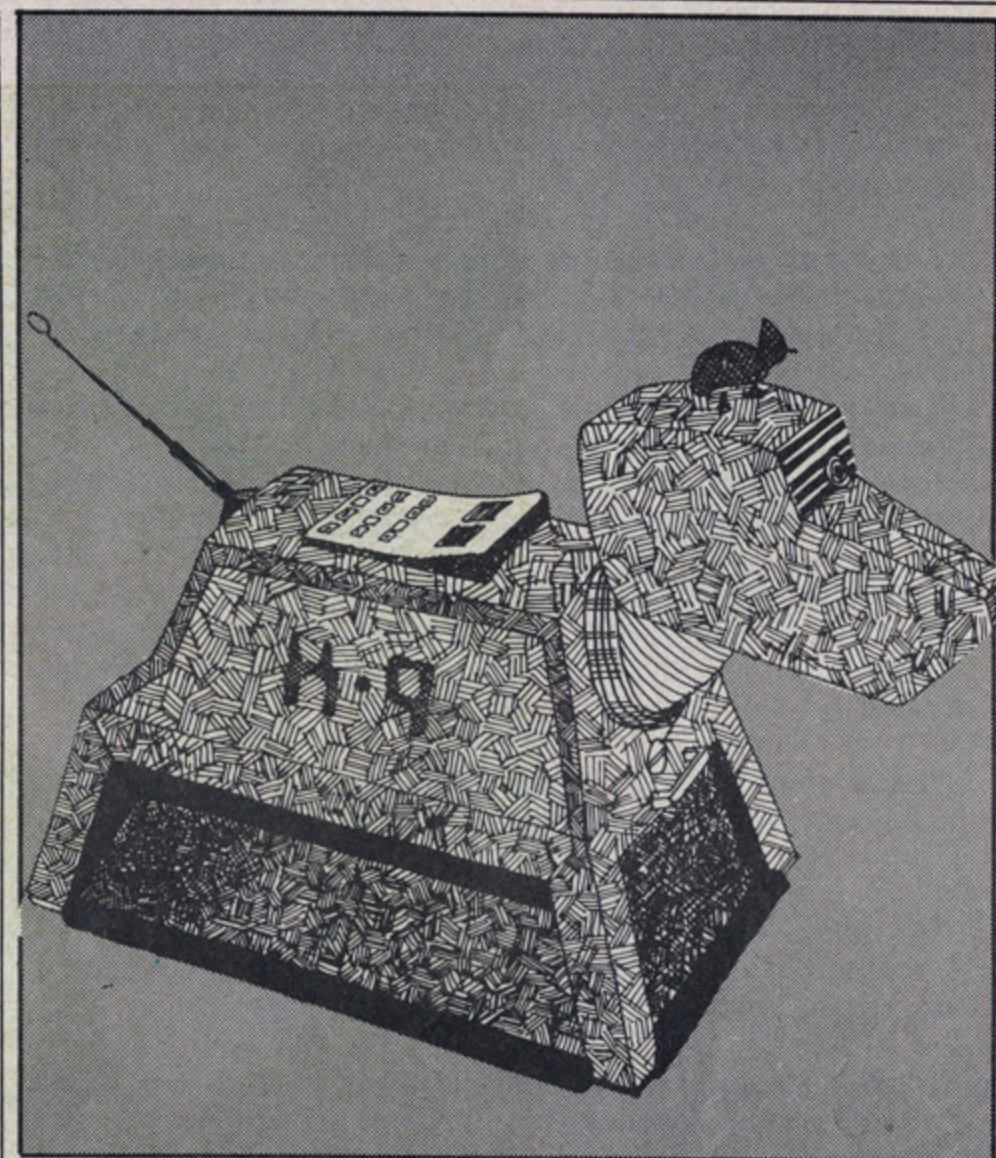
The situation aboard the Titanic was now such that probably no one would have noticed if the Rutan had reverted to its natural form. It didn't, however, wish to take any unnecessary chances, so when the Doctor graciously suggested they sit down on a couple of nearby deck chairs, it did so. It refused to admit to the wild fear and bewilderment in its alien heart.

"I can see you're wondering how I recognized you," the Doctor began in a cheerful tone.

The Rutan in the form of the dead Maggie Wilmott could only nod, eyes fixed on the Doctor's face.

"Well, you see, I saw you on that deck during the collision," the Doctor continued. "You were letting yourself go a bit, weren't you? Green and phosphorescent—really showed up on a dark night, you know. What are you doing aboard the Titanic?"

The Rutan glanced toward the now badly diagonal railing. "We have no intention of telling you anything. Since you know we are Rutan, we conclude you are not of the planet. Our plan is no concern of yours; we guess you have your own way off this ship—we suggest you take it." It made to rise.



"Not so fast Rutan," the Doctor answered. "You haven't told me why you're here—there aren't any Sontarans aboard, are there?"

The Rutan's false-human face registered surprise and anger. "No! No Sontarans! What are you, that you know of them?"

The Doctor decided to put his cards on the table. "I'm a Timelord. I came here by accident. You did not come here by accident. What is this plan you mentioned?"

The human face smiled sweetly at him. Despite the blond hair and the fair coloring, she reminded him somehow of Sarah...

"Since you can do nothing to stop us, we will tell you what you wish to know."

The female figure shifted its position with a calculated nonchalance that told the Doctor how uneasy it was.

"In space, our ship encountered a Sontaran ship. We engaged in battle. The Sontaran was damaged—a tiny note of pride crept into the voice—and fell to this planet, into this ocean. We followed. They are trapped, suspended just beneath the surface. We meant to destroy their ship, but we had not enough power—only small portable explosive devices. We made a plan thus; discovering this Earth ship moving toward the Sontaran ship's coordinates, we thought to place a device aboard, to explode and set up a chain reaction..."

The Doctor, fascinated in spite of himself, broke in. "Powerful enough to destroy the Sontarans, eh? Quite incidentally, destroying the steamship as well."

The Rutan smiled. "Yes."

Taking a deep breath to control his anger, the Doctor continued. "But you didn't count on the Titanic striking an iceberg and sinking did you? Must have put rather a crimp in your plan."

The smile had vanished. "No, we did not," it hissed "Foolish humans! Is it their habit to sail unheeding through ice fields?"

The Doctor gazed sorrowfully at the scene before them: people, the tilted deck, the stars in the black sky, the cold sea, the so few lifeboats. "Not often after this," he whispered. "They learned their lesson." Even as he spoke, the deck chairs they were sitting on began to creak and slide toward the bow, then were caught short against a propped open door. Both the Doctor and the Rutan rose quickly and clung to the wall behind them.

The Rutan was silent, so the Doctor went on, "Where is that bomb now? Still in one of the engine rooms, where I assume you planted it? Where is it Rutan?"

The pretty face stared fixedly out to the ocean. "A place where you will not find it. What is your concern? This ship is doomed. All aboard will die anyway."

Controlling his rage was getting more difficult for the Doctor. "The ship will not actually submerge until 2:20 a.m. That's at least an hour yet. I want everyone to have every minute to get off. Besides, an explosion such as this would swamp or shatter all the lifeboats that are already away—perhaps no one would survive. I will not let that happen."

Suddenly a woman's scream came shrilly from where the people pushed and clung to each other. It was followed by

wild sobbing.

The Rutan's false-human face wore a look of detached interest. "Why do they put so few males into the boats? We observe that..."

"Don't change the subject, Rutan," the Doctor cut in swiftly. "Tell me where the bomb is! Surely you have nothing to gain by destroying this ship—it will never reach the Sontaran ship."

For the first time, the Rutan attempted a human laugh. It came out as a horrid gurgling. "Nothing to gain, perhaps, but the stupidity of these humans has prevented us from accomplishing our mission. They deserve to die!"

The Doctor knew it would be fatal to touch the Rutan, else he would have grabbed its shoulder and shaken it. "Murderer! By the way, whose body did you copy and where is she now?"

"Some female who was alone on deck." The Rutan indicated the ocean with a dismissive sweep of its arm. "We threw her overboard."

The Doctor began to move slowly away from the Rutan, backing up the steep deck toward the stern. "And what about you? Are you going to die with all the rest?"

Another gurgled laugh. "We shall leave this ship just before the explosion takes place."

"So late? You'll never get away in time."

"We can swim a mile before you can spell your name."

The Doctor sighed still inching backward. "Well, good-bye then, murderer. Perhaps when you return to your own ship, you'll find that the Sontarans have destroyed it." He was not vengeful by nature, but now the Doctor was desperate to provoke the Rutan into saying anything rash. It just didn't work; the Rutan's female face just smiled at him with benign superiority. The Doctor decided to try a different tack.

"About three Earth years ago, another Rutan ship was lost on Earth—ever heard of that? Whatever happened to them, do you wonder? Perhaps humans are not as stupid as you think? Do you want to die on the planet? Rutan? Do you hear me? Where is that bomb? Rutan?"

There was another sharp creak as the deck chairs they'd been sitting on slid, turning slowly, toward the down-tilted bow of the Titanic. The Rutan made a sudden, convulsive movement toward the ship's rail. Turning back to the Doctor, it smiled once more. "Where is the bomb? Find it yourself, Timelord!" For some reason this brought another ghastly wet laugh from its human throat. "Ha—Timelord, indeed! You would do well to look to Time for your answer—your honor, and my glory!" With that, the human figure flung itself head-first over the railing. The Doctor staggered as best he could to the rail. Already far away, he could see a green luminous light moving in the black ocean. The Doctor's hands gripped the rail. What could the Rutan have meant? "Look to time for your answer." What did this mean?

Thus absorbed, the Doctor didn't hear the stealthy footsteps behind him—until it was too late. He fell quietly, bashed over the head by a wild-eyed, shabbily-dressed man who bent over him, trying to pull off the Doctor's scarf. A yell from somewhere nearby startled the panting, shaking man, and he dropped the scarf and ran, weaving on the diagonal deck.

The Doctor lay very still, crumpled against one of the now empty lifeboat davits.

Everyone who was left aboard milled around, or sat, or knelt in prayer, or just stared into space, stunned by what had happened. There were a few who made private preparations to get away, such as the ship's chief baker, who realized that maybe you didn't need a lifeboat—deck chairs could float too. Music wafted over the water from the ship's orchestra, still playing in these last moments, which continued to tick away.

Moaning softly, the Doctor rolled over and stared up at the whirling stars. Slowly, a hand to his aching head, he got to his knees and then to his feet—and promptly fell forward again, having forgotten to allow for the weird steepness of the deck. Getting up again (and perhaps swearing softly in Gallifreyan), the Doctor wound his scarf around his shoulder and started on his way. "Your honor and my glory" the Rutan had said. In his mind's eye, the Doctor saw two gilded nymphs flanking a huge clockface. Honor and Glory Crowned Time.

Grimly, the Doctor quickened his pace, really more of a climb, to the stern.

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No one in any of the open, half-filled lifeboats saw the glowing Rutan pass. If any had, it would have been just one more bizarre horror in this unbelievable night. They paddled

about, some crying, some keeping their wits about them, most just huddling silently. In Number Eight, the Countess of Rothes handled the tiller. In Number Six Major A.G. Peuchen discovered that his years with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club weren't doing him much good now. When he tried to assert himself as the commander of the little boat, Mrs. Molly Brown, of the Denver silver fortune, told him to shut up and row.

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The Doctor entered the grand foyer on A deck, where over two hours before he had stood among the milling, confused crowd. It was empty now, a crazy fun-house room with wildly tilted floor, furniture jumbled at the low end, and chandeliers—amazingly still lit—hanging at a mad angle. The great gilded clock still hung in its place on the wall. The Doctor worked his way to it. Even before he got there, he could see the small, dull-metal box attached beneath it. Reaching the clock, the Doctor quickly began to detach the bomb. He purposely kept his eyes off the clock, whose hands now indicated 2:09.

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Far away to the west, the Rutan, now back in its ship, discovered that its troubles were not over yet. The Sontarans had achieved some mobility and, unfortunately, their firepower; now the two ships sniped at each other, still beneath the surface of the Atlantic. The Rutan fired again, and the Sontaran spun awkwardly. The Rutan's body glowed in triumph—but it was premature. A sudden blast from the Sontaran hit the small Rutan ship in its most vital spot, and it and its bomb-setting inhabitant vanished in a ball of red and blue sparks, electrifying the water around it.

Still rocking and turning helplessly, the Sontaran ship, built for deep space, and not deep water, slowly sank into the blackness of the cold North Atlantic. Presently it disappeared completely and did not resurface.

.....

Trying to keep his fingers from shaking, the Doctor pulled the last tiny wire out. The bomb was defused. Tossing it on the closest sofa (it lodged there on the sofa's back, of course), he staggered out of the first class foyer. The clock, which had not stopped, now said 2:14.

As the Doctor neared the stern, now rising slowly into the cold night air, he imagined the TARDIS falling over from the tilt and sliding over the deck into the ocean. Sweat ran down his face. It didn't bear thinking of.

Down in the depths of the Titanic's hull, the ship's twenty-nine boilers, each over four times the height of a man, began to tear from their bearings as the angle of the ship increased.

The Doctor had to crawl the last fifteen or so feet to the TARDIS, mercifully lodged against the hull near the second class entrance. As he reached the TARDIS door, he heard whimpering in the stairwell just below. Looking down, the Doctor saw three small children, clinging to the handrail and to each other, crying. The Doctor felt a tightness in his chest. Remembering his original purpose in coming to the Titanic, he reached down to them, murmuring words he hoped would comfort the terrified children. They did not struggle or protest. Bundling them together as best he could, the Doctor pushed the three into the TARDIS and followed quickly, slamming the door. The time was 2:18, and the Titanic creaking and groaning in every joint and rivet, stood absolutely perpendicular in the ocean. The forward funnel, weighing several score tons broke off and tumbled into the water on the starboard side, crushing many desperate swimmers. People in lifeboats heard a tremendous thundering; some said later they thought it was an explosion. But no explosion occurred on the Titanic that night; the sound was the twenty-nine huge boilers rolling and smashing through room after room.

The Titanic, stern still straight up, slid almost gently beneath the smooth sea. It was 2:20 a.m., on April 15, 1912.

There had been 2,207 passengers and crew aboard. When dawn finally came, the S.S. Carpathia, the only ship to come to the rescue, would take 705 survivors aboard its own decks.

Aboard the TARDIS, now in the Time/Space Vortex, the Doctor did what he could do to comfort the three small steerage children. They were fed and warmed and were delighted with K-9, who spent the entire night waiting patiently for his master's return. The Doctor sat on the control room floor, one child now asleep against his shoulder. He decided to take them to the Earth colony on Cetus Four in the 31st Century.

The Doctor sighed. He had something to do before that, however; materialize near where he imagined the Rutan and Sontaran ships to be. Hopefully they'd both be gone.

What would it have cost, he wondered, to have built enough lifeboats for everyone? He closed his eyes. Presently he fell asleep among the children, K-9 ever faithful, continued to keep watch.

CONVENTION CALENDAR

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TAMPA, FLORIDA, Curtis Hixon Center, October 5th, 6th, 1985. Guest celebrities: Patrick Troughton and John Nathan-Turner.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, Riverside Convention Center October 11th, 1985. Guest celebrity: Colin Baker.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, October 13th, 1985. Guest celebrity: Colin Baker. For more information call (303) 322-5072, Monday thru Friday, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. (MST).

KING OF PRUSSIA, PENNSYLVANIA: October 18th, 19th & 20th, 1985. WHOVENT 85, Valley Forge Convention Center, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. (312) 283-2946.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA: October 26th, 27th, 1985. CREATION CONVENTIONS, Hyatt Rickey's, 4219 El Camino Real, Palo Alto, California, 11:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m., \$9.00 in advance through Comics and Comix, \$12.00 at the door. Confirmed Guests: Matthew Waterhouse and Roger C. Carmel (Star Trek).

BUFFALO, NEW YORK: November 8th, 9th, 10th, 1985. BUFFALO WHO, The Executive Hotel, 4243 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York 800-545-5511 or 716-634-2300, 9:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m., Three Days: \$28.00, Buffet Lunch: \$21.00, Stars Cabaret: \$22.00. For tickets write to: 84 East Depew Street, Buffalo, New York 14214. Send an SASE for orders and questions. Confirmed guest: Ian Marter. Invited: John Nathan-Turner, Gary Downie and Janet Fielding.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: November 9th, 10th, 1985. CREATION CONVENTIONS, Centre Hotel, 1725 Kennedy Boulevard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 11:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m., \$9.00 in advance through Ticketron, \$12.00 at the door. Confirmed Guests: Nicholas Courtney, Nichelle Nichols (Star Trek).

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: November 29th, 30th, December 1st, 1985. TARDIS 22, Hyatt Regency, Chicago, Illinois. (312) 283-3946.

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK: November 30th, December 1, 1985. CREATION CONVENTIONS, Roosevelt Hotel, 45th & Madison, Manhattan, New York, 11:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m. Ticket prices to be announced. Confirmed guest: Terrence Dicks.

TAMPA, FLORIDA: May 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 1986. WHOSE 7, Tampa Airport Marriott, Tampa International Airport 800-228-9290, Three Days: \$23.00 until September 30, 1985, Three Days: \$26.00 until December 31, 1985, Three Days: \$30.00 until March 1, 1986, Three Days: \$35.00 at the Door or \$12.00 per day. Make checks payable to: WCBFCA and mail to: WCBFCA, c/o Linda Terrell, P.O. Box 25, Dunedin, FL 34296. Confirmed guests: Colin Baker, Michael Keating (Blake's 7).

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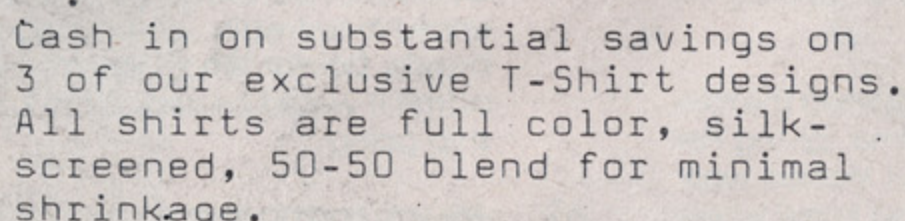
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INTERVIEWWHO

Nicola Bryant



WT: May we start with your personal background? There's some confusion in the States about whether you're actually American, or grew up here, or spent a lot of time here....

NB: I have dual nationality, British-American. I have relations and friends in the States, but I currently live in England as do my parents; and I've travelled back and forth between both countries and lived in both. I'm what J N-T calls a long-distance commuter.

WT: Have you always been interested in acting?

NB: Every since I can remember, really. I wanted to be on the stage, not necessarily acting—I wanted to sing and dance and be on the stage. I went to the Weber-Douglas Academy of Dramatic Arts in London.

WT: And it was through your agent that you got the job on **Doctor Who**?

NB: Yes—he wasn't then my agent. I'd had several offers from several different agents, mostly on the basis of "Well, when you get your Equity card give us a call and we'll give you work"—which really isn't much help, but it gives you encouragement.

WT: Is it the same difficulty with the card in Britain as it is in the U.S.? You can't work until you get the card—

NB: And you can't get the card 'til you work? Yes, it's that Catch-22. But this particular agent rang me up and said that he wanted to put me up for the part of Peri in **Doctor Who**, 'cause he thought it was just right for me, and if I got the job, then obviously....But he wasn't my agent at the time—it was just a sort of deal.

WT: What was your familiarity with the show at the time?

NB: Well I've watched it ever since I can remember! So I knew exactly what it involved; but I didn't really think there was much chance of me getting it, so I just thought, "At least I'll get to meet people from the BBC"—because they're difficult to get ahold of.

WT: Why did you feel there wasn't much of a chance?

NB: Well...I felt, because it's such a coveted role, and so many people go for it, I mean it's a role that every young actress would like to get hold of—that I didn't think they would take me, coming straight from drama school. I'd only been out ten days! And although I felt, the minute I heard of Peri and the script, "I know this girl," and I felt quite desperate about getting the role when I realized there was even a chance....At first, at the first couple of auditions I thought, "Well, this is nice, but I really don't see them giving it to someone straight out of school—they'll want an experienced person, probably a Name." But I did get the part....

WT: What were your expectations going into it? And how have they been met?

NB: It's very difficult, because I don't think it's probably the same. Because, being my first role, my expectations were just...to do my very best. I think it's a stretching role in that you are always being placed in difficult situations where, you know, you're going to be killed, or the Doctor's going to be killed, or your best friend's going to be killed, or the whole planet's going to explode! And having to constantly react to those, and

still keeping it true and different each time—although it's the same situation—I think is...a very hard thing to do. It really keeps you on your toes.

WT: And how are you finding that the theory in acting school applies to doing television?

NB: I think that a lot of it goes out the window! Because 99% of what you do in English drama school is stage-work. But somehow, having done three years, it's just something to hold onto when you start day one and think "What am I doing?" It's just one of the things you kind of go through—like an apprenticeship.

WT: What's pleasant about doing the show and what's not?

NB: The only really unpleasant thing about doing the show is...filming in the English weather! In the rain, and the cold, when you're not dressed properly, and feeling very run down about it. Things like that. The most pleasant thing is really just being in the whole show! It makes a very happy life, and everything's just great....

WT: Do you prefer television to stagework?

NB: It's really difficult to say. I'd never envisaged myself necessarily in television. I'd always thought I would remain on the stage—I guess it's 'cause that's all you do—and I would like to go back and do some stage....

WT: Would you talk a bit about performing the part of Peri—as a role, compared to other acting roles? Is the assistant a formulaic role? How do you bring depth to it?

NB: For a start, I had three months before I started the role, after I got the job. And I spent a long time...giving Peri a whole history. Which meant, when I started work, that I had a complete past for her and knew where she'd been, what she'd been through. I think the nice thing about Peri—she's just starting college—is that she's not got formed ideas about what she does want, what she doesn't want. And so she's in a position where she can change, according to different situations. Really, I think the most important thing about bringing depth to a character is having a past—that not necessarily anybody else knows about, but that you can play off of when you're in a situation.

WT: So you're creating her as a real person?

NB: Completely.

WT: What parts of the role would you consider to be radically different from the way you are?

NB: I think the thing that hits me most is that certain times I feel that I don't want to react to the situation that way; but that is the limitation of being a companion. Companions aren't supposed to have too many original thoughts: if it's written, you've got to fall down, and when someone's chasing after you, you think "Oh, blow, I know I would have gotten away"—things like that. I personally feel a lot stronger than Peri; but that's the part....

WT: Are you doing other work now also?

NB: Well, **Doctor Who** takes up ten months of the year. We have a break in sort of March-April. And when I start back next year—actually we only get six weeks this

year so it's really not long enough to do anything. Basically I just sort of rest for six weeks, do personal appearances and things.

WT: You've done some conventions now. Is there a difference between making public appearances here in the States and in the U.K.?

NB: They're very different. I was talking with someone yesterday—I think it was Colin—really, fans over here, if they like something they let you know. It's really nice. You come over here and people say, "Well, I enjoyed that, and I enjoyed that, but I didn't like that bit so much...." It's nice to hear it straight up front. Whereas the English fans are really sort of, I think, a lot more reserved. I mean they're a nice bunch, but you don't get as warm a reception, I think, as you do over here.

WT: Do you find that fans have trouble distinguishing between the reality of you as Nicola Bryant, the actress, and the role of Peri Brown?

NB: Oh, completely! Yes. With maybe 50% of all the fans. I think with such a show, and we're all such a close-knit group, and everybody at the conventions meets so many of us here—I think that's probably more of a problem for a companion or a "goodie" than it is for a "baddie." It's hard to see anyone being that evil, of course....

WT: Do you find, then, that you lose your personal life?

NB: I don't think of it that way. There's very little time left for a personal life, really, with the show. Which, right now, since I'm not really...committed to anyone or anything beside **Doctor Who**, doesn't really worry me. I must admit it would be difficult to keep a steady relationship going....

WT: Are you finding that you're getting lots of other offers?

NB: There have been offers that come into my agent, but I can't really look at anything—because, you know, I'm committed to the show. That's the way I want it to be right now.

WT: Are you worried about being typecast?

NB: No, not at all. I think it's negative.

WT: What are your interests outside of acting?

NB: Basically music and dance, which I started out wanting to do very much. I play piano, flute, guitar....I love to write music. I like to write poetry. Let's see...I like to just sit down and watch a movie....I just recently got a little flat, and I've got a little garden...which I'm having great fun with.

WT: Finally, is there a dream role you've always wanted to play? What would you like to be doing in the future?

NB: I would...love to do someone like Maria in "West Side Story"; and yet I would love to do Ophelia. So many different roles. I'd very much like to do classical roles like Chekhov. There are a lot of parts I've read that I'd like to do. But basically I just want to do anything different. There are a lot of good roles being written now....